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THE KING OF SIAM IN LONDON: RECEPTION OF HIS MAJESTY BY THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AT VICTORIA STATION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It has of late become customary with some imaginative writers, whose merits have not met, it seems, with the appreciation they deserve, to attribute their lack of popularity to their superior virtue. If they could stoop to write so as to suit the depraved taste of the public, they could, they say, make plenty of money. They do not mean if they could only be indecent. There are writers, unfortunately, who have no scruples on that score, and who owe their circulation solely either to an immodest theme or to an indecent way of treating a modest one; but with these they have nothing to do. Their failure, they would persuade us, simply arises from their refusal to bow the knee to the Baal of popular taste. But the fact is, if they wished to do it, they have not the power. It is possible, no doubt, for some writers thus to adapt themselves, but not for imaginary ones. One can fancy a journalist who has a subject given him to write about, treating it in a popular style, though the trend of his thoughts is not naturally in that direction. But those who spin their own web can only make their threads as nature dictates: these may be of the most delicate and admirable sort, and infinitely superior to those of other spiders, but that they do not make them coarser is not because they are too high-minded; they have no capacity for adaptation, and what they think is required is out of their line.

There is a good deal of rubbish written upon the above subject, but not so much as about writing for money. One would really think that thoughts were made greater in inverse proportion to the money paid for them. It is very probable, and indeed certain, that if money had been "no object," as the phrase goes, to Shakspere and Scott, we should have had no plays from the one, or novels from the other; but the literary merits of these authors had nothing to do with their remuneration. "Paradise Lost" was a no better poem because only five pounds was paid for it, and would have been no worse if it had realised five thousand. On the other hand, the greatest writers are but human (except the divines), and it is quite possible that the knowledge that he is to be generously remunerated will move even a genius to do his best, while if he is only to be paid at a starvation price he will make no such effort.

Mr. Birrell is a bold man to tilt against the Press, being himself an author; indeed, it is slanderously suggested that the whole affair was "a put-up job." It is one of the drawbacks of being a humorist that, however seriously one may wish to be taken, one is always suspected of laughter in the sleeve. After all, he had nothing very denunciatory to say of the oracular "We." Of course it is magnificent and "pontifical"; but when the "we" is spelt with a little w (as in the case of the *Pedlington Gazette*) how delightful that is! "We are glad to see that the Emperor has taken our advice." "It is a satisfaction to us to note that the policy advocated in these columns last week has been unhesitatingly adopted by the Czar." Far be it from me to emulate Mr. Birrell; even if I had his opinions I should not have the courage to express them; the "attitude" of the Press will never excite my indignation so long as it remains personally favourable. But even I have my little quarrel with the "great dailies." Why, oh why, are they so chokeful of politics? I am sure it would surprise the "we's" to learn how large a number of their would-be readers are but faintly interested in this matter. And they do give us such a lot of it! Column after column of proceedings in Parliament; article after article upon those proceedings; letter after letter upon the articles; and then article after article upon the letters. If, tired of this heated atmosphere, we turn to country matters for a little fresh air, we find politics again, the same Parliamentary speakers as platform orators—"Mr. Borewell at Bullock Smithy," "Sir Hercules Windbag in the Midlands," and so on. We are never allowed to escape from these people, and what Falstaff calls their "damnable iteration."

The Concert of Europe is, no doubt, important, but the ear gets tired of it: who would like forty oratories rolled into one? For months and months we have had exactly the same thing told us about it day after day, and almost in the same words. There is no harm in speaking disrespectfully of "yesterday's newspaper"; I have known journalists to do themselves; but what is this constant repetition but yesterday's, and, alas! the day-before-yesterday's newspaper? Some people, no doubt, are never tired of a subject, at whatever length it has been discussed, just as a dog likes a bone that has long lost its last remnant of meat; but there are others—really many others—who turn from it at last with loathing. How delightful it would be to see "Same as yesterday" as a summary of Parliamentary and political proceedings, and "our columns" filled instead with general intelligence, and diversified now and then—just for once and away, not, of course, as a permanent intrusion on native stateliness—with a touch of humour.

Some misguided rogues have been stealing rabbits from the laboratory of a French hospital. "Some of them had been inoculated with the virus of cholera, others with that of typhus, anthrax, croup, and lockjaw." Of course, things still may turn out well; the poor bunnies may be purchased by vivisectionists for supper, which would be

poetical justice indeed; but for the present there is considerable alarm among rabbit-eaters in the neighbourhood. From a circumstance with which I am acquainted I do not think the thieves will eat them; they are too conscious of the dangers of the laboratory. A medical friend of mine in London lost his little dog; it was not a beauty, but handsome enough to be stolen, and it was a great pet of his wife. He hit upon an ingenious device for recovering it at a cheap price. He put the following advertisement in the paper: "Lost, a small black dog from May Fair Street. It is of no value even to the owner, but kind-hearted persons who may have been moved to take it in are warned not to do so, as the animal has been much experimented upon for scientific purposes, and may become involuntarily a source of great danger." The dog came back the same day, in time for afternoon tea.

A correspondent makes an interesting suggestion in connection with a recent "Note" concerning the Burges controversy—

When old St. Paul's was destroyed, first by the fire and then by the barbarism of the time of Queen Anne, the memorials of the mighty dead of old perished in the ruin. No one from that time has ever thought of putting up even the names of the great Englishmen who rested there, upon the walls built by Wren. Yet surely a great nation should not forget its heroes of old; and what greater hero have we than that peerless knight and chivalrous gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney? I see that several windows have been promised for our great Cathedral. Let the subject of one be Sir Philip at the Battle of Zutphen, lying in the pangs of death, but sending the water he needed so sadly himself to the wounded soldier near by, with the brave words "He wants it more than I."

Is there a more pathetic and inspiring incident than this in our long island story?

For the long roll of worthies buried in St. Paul's, a volume would hardly suffice. I will only name one more: Sir Anthony Vandyke. True, he was not an Englishman by birth, but an Englishman in deed. The gentle and true Sir Joshua, as he lay a-dying, said: "My dear, we are going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." Now they rest near together, but one is remembered and the other forgotten.

Would it not be a pious and worthy work in this Jubilee year to call to mind our great ones of old, and those who rest with them, within the very walls which have just witnessed a marvellous culmination of all their labours?

The proposition is patriotic, and if anybody has any Jubilee money left it may well be recommended to them. But the idea of a "tablet" is somehow not attractive, as a memorial: one associates a "tablet" with something for the voice; it would be suitable enough for a great singer, but one doubts whether Vandyke would appreciate this form of record—"going to the wall," as it were, while modern painters have effigies in stone in the south aisle. Nor does a painted window strike one as very suitable for Sir Philip, whose memorial should, above all things, be permanent. If I ever become a post-mortem subject of public gratitude, "I don't presume to dictate," as Mr. Jingle says, but I hope it will not take the form of glass: if a stone is shied at it, you're gone. The incident in connection with Sir Philip should certainly be perpetuated in stone. It might combine use and beauty by taking the shape of a drinking-fountain, and the teetotalers, at least, would be bound to subscribe to it.

A courteous letter from the Registrar of Stationers' Hall informs me that "a lexicographical index of all works registered between 1842 and 1897 is now provided for public use," and that this includes an index of titles as well as of authors and publishers. This news is indeed good hearing for the novelist. If this index had been in existence some years ago, it would have saved me a good many pounds. When I called at the Hall in those days with the view of discovering whether the title I had proposed for a novel was anticipated, I was shown nothing but an index of authors' names, which of course gave me no information, and the fee which was charged for its exhibition was simply money obtained on false pretences. Twice have I paid considerable sums to enterprising publishers for involuntarily infringing copyright by taking the titles of novels that nobody had ever heard of: perhaps they were published on the off chance of obtaining such ransoms, for no other profit had certainly ever accrued to them. It is possible, if I had disputed the matter, that even the law would have perceived the absurdity of punishing A for conduct to B which could not possibly have hurt B, and would probably have been to his great advantage; but I preferred an inglorious surrender to its "glorious uncertainty." However, there need now be no more victims to the publishers of still-born novels (except their authors). Stationers' Hall has got its index of titles.

The spareness of Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been often commented upon, but I have never seen it mentioned that she was surpassed in this respect, if in no other, by another great actress—Mademoiselle Rachel. One who had seen all the dramatic stars of his time, tells us—

She was thin to attenuation, but she possessed such a peculiar talent for enveloping her meagre figure in fleecy clouds of gauze and muslin that every man at the end of her performance of Adrienne Lecouvreur thought his wife too much developed in figure, and every woman wished herself as thin. The fascination she exercised over the other sex was something quite unparalleled. One of her most devoted swains on calling on her one day discovered that a certain illustrious personage was in her boudoir. His fury knew no bounds. Forced to retreat, he met her physician, and poured forth terrible invectives on her, especially touching on the lady's physical defects. The doctor congratulated

his friend on his disillusion. "The Count shook hands with him, repeated his contemptuous expressions, and added in an undertone, full of tender emotion, 'Je reviendrai.'" Mademoiselle Mars, Rachel's rival, was her antipodes as regards figure. The same observer informs us that her dressing for the stage was a protracted proceeding, "the tightening being gradually intensified till the stage-hour, when it was said that the finale was accomplished by the tiring-maid's foot being placed in the lady's back for the last haul of the staylace."

With reference to the trial of St. John Long and his "corrosive fluid," spoken of in "Our Note Book" the other day, Mr. Balmanno Squire sends me the following communication—

It is probable that the corrosive fluid to which you refer is St. John's celebrated "Liniment." If so, permit me to point out that this "fluid" has for long been in use by the medical profession, and is still in use by them, and, moreover, that it is thus used in the present day under the aegis of the General Medical Council. It is, indeed, one of the official preparations of the British Pharmacopoeia. In a well-known and standard work written by my father, the late Mr. Peter Squire, entitled, "The Companion to the British Pharmacopoeia," you will find it stated that the "Linimentum Lerebuthinae Aceticum" of the British Pharmacopoeia is St. John Long's celebrated Liniment. This preparation consists of equal parts of oil of turpentine, acetic acid, and liniment of camphor, and is avowedly an imitation of St. John Long's preparation. Long's monument in Kensal Green, erected by his patients, is at least a proof that some of them survived him, but this tribute seems a small matter in comparison with the curious fact that his memory is embalmed in the British Pharmacopoeia. The composition of his "fluid" is endorsed by the supreme governing body of the medical profession, and is recommended and enjoined by that body to be employed as an excellent preparation by the medical profession at large.

This is certainly very curious, and if the liniment is really the same which Long used for scarifying his patients, we must suppose that (in contradiction to the general opinion) we have become less thin-skinned than we used to be. It seems scarcely possible that the present members of the faculty should have thus reversed the opinion entertained by Brodie and all the doctors of his generation. Mr. Squire reminds me that Thackeray in his "Book of Snobs" says of Lady Blanche Fitzague (who had a "medical turn"): "She went into court and testified publicly her faith in St. John Long," which seems to suggest that so late as Thackeray's time the fluid (whatever it was) was not in favour with the scientific world.

The literary family of Mr. Stanley Weyman is growing very large, and some of them have a strong likeness to their parent. There is nothing in which example, provided it is combined with success, has greater influence than in novel-writing. When "The House of the Wolf" came out, excellent as it was, it had no imitators; the historical novel was supposed to have failed, like the potato, but "A Gentleman of France" sowed at once a crop of them. It is quite curious how they have stuck to the lines laid down for them. The heroes are young people who live by their swords (as they are now said to do by their wits), and yet always manage to marry heiresses of great wealth and station, generally wards of the reigning monarch. (Walter Scott, by the way, inaugurated this plot in "Quentin Durward"; it seems peculiarly adapted for French soil). "The Chevalier d'Auriac," by the author of "The Honour of Savelli," is no exception to this rule. He is, of course, of noble birth, but the world is his oyster, to open which he has no knife, but only the weapon above referred to. When a young officer in the service of the League against Henry of Navarre, he is placed on outpost duty under one de Gomeron, a cruel and licentious soldier, whose name had become notorious for his brutality. Two Huguenot prisoners, an old priest and a very beautiful woman, are brought in. She offers any amount of ransom—

"Madame," answers the ruffian, "there are some things that have no price. You are no spy, I know; such eyes as yours were never made to count the strength of battalions. As for your friend here, we have means to make him tell us all about himself to-morrow; and you, ma mignonne, must not bruise your tender feet by walking through the night to the camp of Monsieur, the King of France. In a day or so, perhaps," he went on with a horrible smile, "but not to-night. Come!"—and he stepped up to her—"Come, taste the d'Arbois—it is from your friends—and learn to love the poor soldiers of the Holy League."

Saying this he attempted to pass his arm round her waist, but slipping from his grasp, and her cheeks afame, Madame struck him across the face with the back of her hand such a stroke as the wing of an angry dove might give.

The rest was done in a flash, and de Gomeron reeled back with bleeding lips, staggered back to the very end of the room, where he would have fallen but for the support of the wall. It was in me to follow up my blow by passing my sword through the man, so mad was I in my fury; but luckily for him Nicholas hung on my arm and saved the villain's life. He righted himself at once, and passing his hand across his mouth, spoke to me quite coolly and collectedly, but with livid features—

"We finish this outside, Sir. Follow me."

This little incident, for such matters are trifles in the Chevalier's biography, though it had at first most unpleasant consequences, turns out in the end greatly to his advantage. We have full-length portraits of Henry IV., of Biron, of Sully, and others of that brilliant Court. There is a great deal of picturesque description, and any amount of fighting; the whole story is written with vigour, and, as it were, at a burst. It may be said that it is but a string of adventures, and that the author lacks the grace as well as the continuity of his master; but they are very good adventures and well told.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING OF SIAM'S VISIT.

The King of Siam arrived at Spithead on board his yacht, the *Maha Chakri*, on Friday morning last week; the day was delightful, and the sight in the Solent was very gay and exhilarating. The Duke of York, representing the Queen, and accompanied by Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, went out in the Commander-in-Chief's steam-barge to greet the royal guest, and there was plenty of saluting and hand-shaking. The Siamese vessel was made fast to the jetty, and a little later a luncheon was given on board, at which the Duke of York was present. Following lunch was a visit from the Mayor, aldermen, and councillors, and this ceremony over, the King mysteriously took the Duke of York aside and invested him with the insignia of the Siamese royal family order. The King's knowledge of English gave an ease to all these ceremonies not always observable when interpreters are called upon to intervene. The band of the Shropshire Regiment, in return compliment, played the opening bars of the Siamese National Anthem as the King stepped into the train to take him to Victoria. There the platform was carpeted, state carriages from Buckingham Palace were drawn up, the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Portland (Master of the Horse) were in waiting, and Life Guards, Grenadier Guards, and Scots Guards formed an escort, while the band struck up a Siamese air when the King, followed closely by his son, Prince Chira, descended from the train. A crowd and a hearty cheer were in readiness outside the station, and at Buckingham Palace the King was met by Lord Lathom, Lord Pembroke, and other Court officials, who conducted him to his apartments.

That evening the King and his sons, attended by Lord Harris, the Chinese Minister, and a numerous party, went to Daly's Theatre and saw "The Geisha." On Saturday the King drove to Harrow to see his son Prince Purachatra, and his nephew Prince Sessiri, who are being educated there. The King looked on at a cricket-match, talking the while to Mr. Weldon. A "roll-call" of the boys followed, each boy saluting as he passed the King. A concert was given before the King set out on the return journey to Buckingham Palace, where he dined, after going to the Alhambra. On Sunday morning Kew Gardens were visited, under the auspices of Mr. Thiselton-Dyer. A lunch with the Duke and Duchess of Teck, dinner at Buckingham Palace, and an evening visit to the Greenwich Observatory completed the programme of the second day of the King's visit. On Monday the King and his suite joined in the tide of Bank Holiday-makers, visiting Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower of London, the Victorian Exhibition at Earl's Court, and the Ranelagh Club.

The country residence of the King of Siam during his sojourn in England is to be Taplow Court, near Maidenhead, the seat of Mr. William Henry Grenfell, formerly M.P. for Hereford. Taplow Court is a handsome red brick mansion built in the Tudor style of architecture, and surrounded by a richly timbered park some two hundred acres in extent. The ancient manor of Taplow and much of the adjacent land belong to the Grenfell family.

CLOVELLY.

Clovelly is a name familiar to all tourists in Devon, and to a far larger circle who have read of it in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Kingsley had personal as well as literary associations with the place, for his daughter, well known as "Lucas Malet," married Mr. Harrison, who was rector of the parish. The village stands high above the sea, and Bideford is near at hand. A sloping street, or staircase it might be called, descends abruptly for some five hundred feet from the woody nook above to the beach below. Ornamental as the place is, it has also its useful side; for a busy little fishery is carried on there, herrings being among the fishes caught. The Cary family has its long association with the parish,

for Sir John Cary had the property from the Giffords in the reign of Richard II. The Cary memorials in the church, which Sir William Cary made collegiate in 1387, are many, in stone and in brass; and beside them is another, inscribed with the name of Charles Kingsley. The font in the church is so old as to pass for Saxon; and hard by is an ancient British camp, over three hundred feet square, which is known as Clovelly Dykes. Clovelly Court is a picturesque house, rebuilt after fire in 1780 by the Fane-Liamlyn family, and standing amid crags, woods, and waterfalls.

TURKISH POLICE IN STAMBOUL.

In Stamboul, which is the Turkish name for the capital of the Ottoman Empire, not including Galata and Pera, the quarters inhabited by Greeks and Franks or foreigners of other European nations, a certain degree of excitement prevails among the Mussulman population so long as the Sultan's acceptance of the terms of peace dictated by the Great Powers remains undetermined. There is a strong latent feeling of opposition fostered by the heads of the Mohammedan religious establishments or colleges in that city to any concessions in favour of the Christian races, Greek and Armenian, so long held in bondage in different provinces of the empire. The Sultan's reluctance, by a formal decree bearing his own signature, to proclaim the total separation of Crete from the dominions under direct Turkish

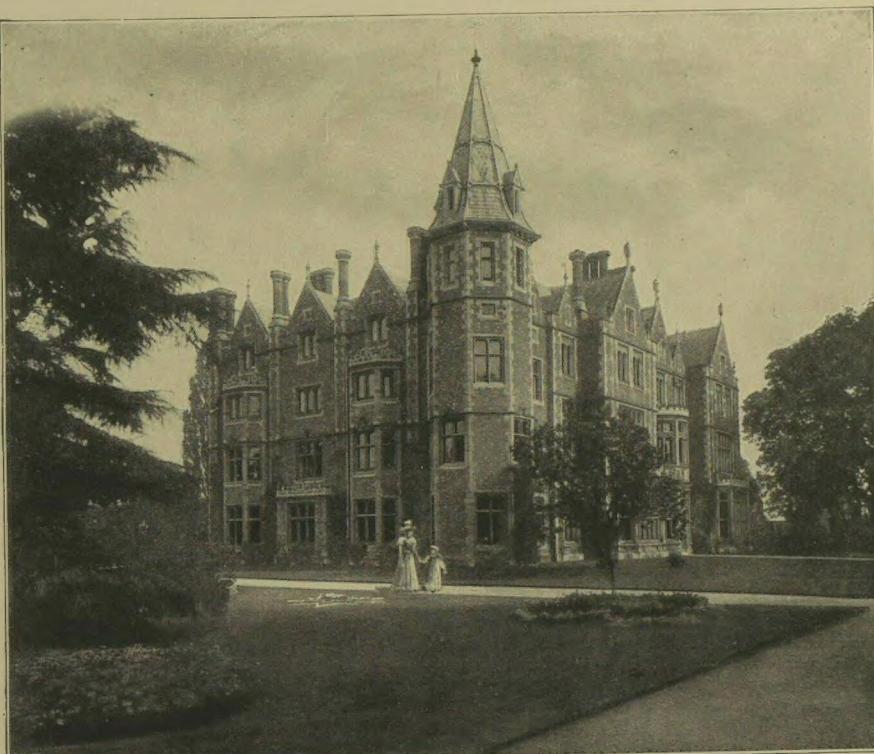
Emperor's *Meteor* at Cowes, for this vessel grounded in Osborne Bay and remained fast for nearly a quarter of an hour. Owing to the dead calm which prevailed at the time, the Kaiser's yacht did not lose as much as she would have done under more favourable racing conditions, and by the time Cowes Castle was passed again she had taken the lead, closely followed, however, by the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*, but the time allowance gave the victory to the *Bona*. The five other races of the opening day for yachts of different ratings presented no very notable interest. The second morning brought an improvement in the sailing conditions in the form of a light breeze, which gave promise of some good sailing, but as the day grew older the heat again prevailed and robbed even the struggle for the Queen's Cup of much of its interest. The race resulted, however, in spite of the excellent sailing of the Kaiser's *Meteor*, in a victory for the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*, which could not be won amid anything less than enthusiasm, even under the somewhat uneventful conditions of this year's regatta.

PARLIAMENT.

Lord Salisbury has made another of his pessimistic speeches about Eastern affairs. He stated that the principle of a strategic frontier to the advantage of Turkey in Thessaly had been agreed upon, but he could hold out no hope of an

early evacuation by the Sultan's troops. On the question of the indemnity he could say nothing to discourage the idea that the Sultan would hold Thessaly for an indefinite period till the money was paid. As for Crete, he expressed the wish that a deep ditch could be dug between the Mohammedans and Christians in that island—not a very promising indication of "autonomy." On the mission of Djovad Pasha he had no information to give, and it remains a mystery why that emissary of mischief was permitted to land in Crete. The Prime Minister's statement conveyed the impression of absolute despondency, an ominous commentary on the latest tactics of the Turks in the negotiations at Constantinople. The cavalier way in which Lord Salisbury treated the famous subsection in the Workmen's Compensation Bill excited some curiosity as to the attitude of Ministers in the other House on this matter. Mr. Asquith maintained that the subsection had been deliberately upheld by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain as a repetition of the Dudley amendment.

ment to the Liberal Bill. How did they explain the conduct of Lord Salisbury? Mr. Chamberlain replied that before the Bill went to the Lords he and his colleagues were resolved to drop the subsection. Mr. Asquith remarked that this was not to be reconciled with the facts, and Mr. Chamberlain retorted that Mr. Asquith could not know what was passing through the minds of gentlemen on the Treasury Bench. In the main the Lords' amendments were confirmed in the Commons. Debate on the Estimates led to a vigorous exercise of the closure, and to a curious opposition by a small section of the Irish members to the vote for the expenses of the Jubilee. It has cost the nation about £80,000 to entertain the foreign visitors, an expenditure which vexed the soul of Dr. Tanner. A discussion of the Foreign Office vote showed the anxiety of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett that the Government should not insist on the Turkish withdrawal from Thessaly before the payment of the Greek indemnity. His alarm was quite needless. The Sultan will not be forced to do anything by the Powers, singly or in conjunction. Mr. Courtney expressed the apprehension that, in regard to Crete, Lord Salisbury had receded to the *status quo ante*, a situation which does not appear to disturb many minds, either in England or on the Continent. There is no fight in the Opposition on this question. Sir William Harcourt is apathetic: apparently he has not recovered from the effects of the division on the South African Question, when the bulk of his followers who voted took a course which virtually amounted to censure on his conduct.

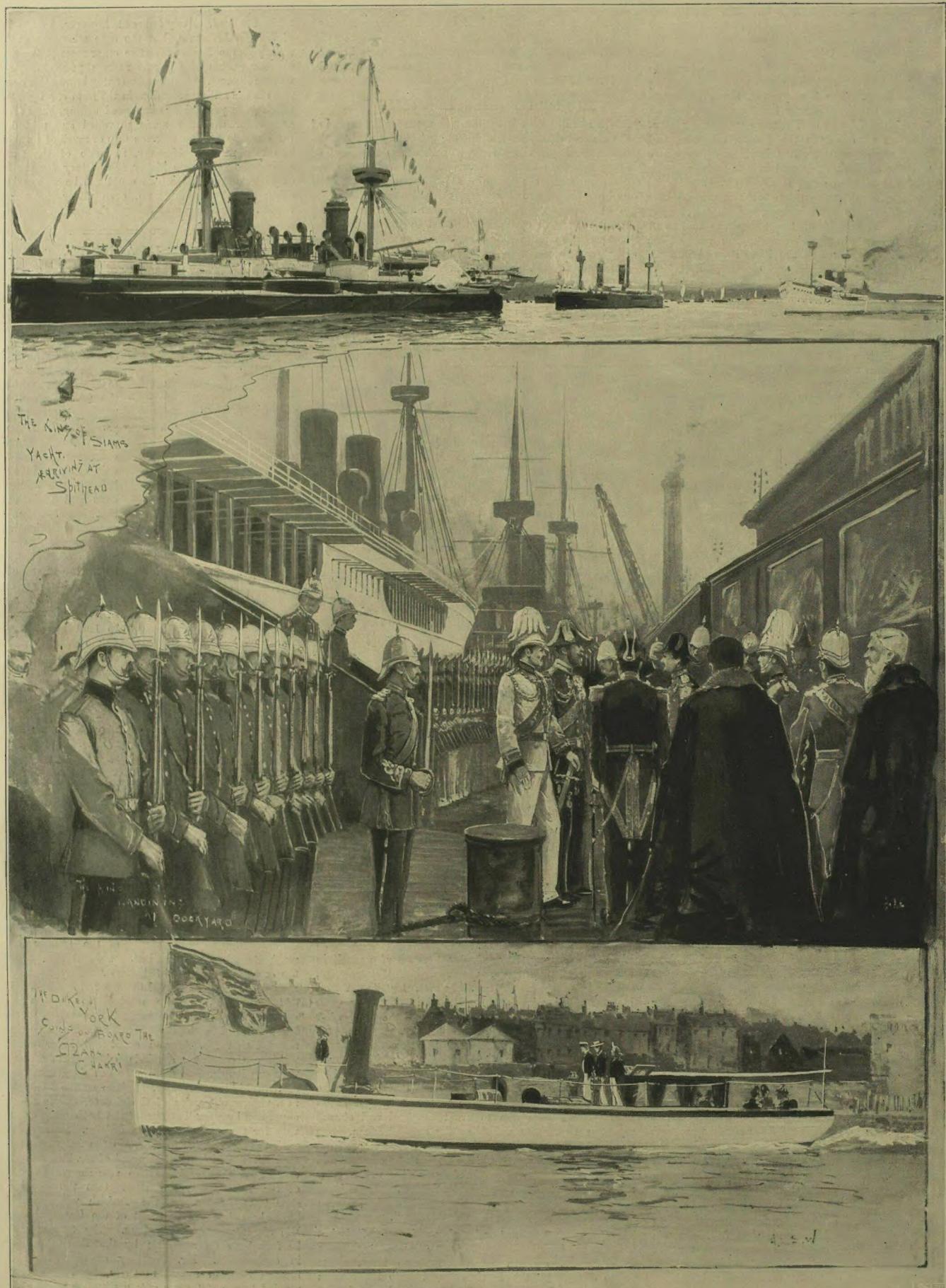


TAPOW COURT, THE SEAT OF MR. W. H. GRENFELL,
THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF SIAM DURING HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND.

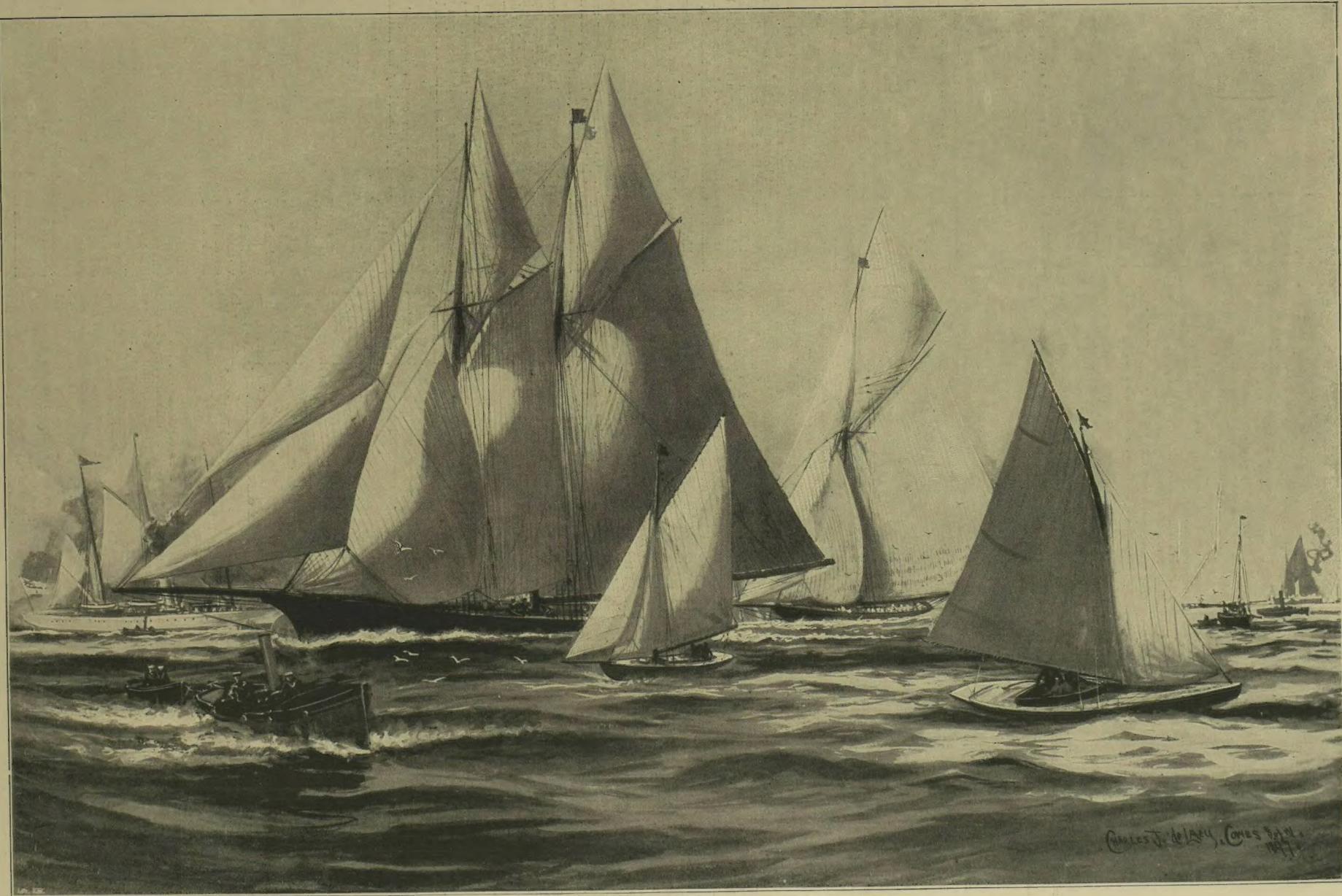
administration may be really due to fears of a revolt in the imperial metropolis, which would, if successful, endanger his throne and possibly even his life. Abdul Hamid, being personally timid and intellectually quite incapable of a resolute statesmanlike decision, has for many months past been tormented by vague apprehensions of this kind, and half his attention is continually bestowed on thoughts of the violence to which he may be exposed by acting contrary to the wishes of the most fanatical party, the uncompromising absolutists, who beset his palace, waylay him as he goes to prayer at the mosque, and warn him to avoid temporal and eternal perdition by strictly upholding the rule of Islam. The police of Constantinople, under palace direction, are kept incessantly active, patrolling the streets at all hours, and inspecting the houses of people of every class, in a manner not calculated to lessen the prevalent alarm.

YACHTING AT COWES.

The Cowes Week opened on Monday with oppressively hot weather, the heavy stillness of which filled the yachtsmen with dismay, and in all the matches for the six prizes offered by the London Yacht Club the courses were shortened owing to the absence of any breeze worthy of the name or the occasion. The principal race of the opening day, that for the £80 prize, open to craft of more than seventy-nine linear feet rating, resulted in an easy victory on the time allowance for the smallest of the four yachts entered, the *Duc d'Abruzzi's Bona*. A curious feature of the race was the renewal of the ill-luck which persistently pursues the German



ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF SIAM: HIS MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF YORK AT SPITHEAD.



TYPICAL RACING YACHTS AT COWES REGATTA.

Drawn by Our Special Artist, Mr. C. J. De Lacy.

PERSONAL.

Many Volunteers, both officers and men, lament the loss of a valued friend in the Rev. Sackville Hamilton Berkeley, Vicar of

Heavitree, Senior Chaplain of the Plymouth Infantry Brigade, and Chaplain of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment, who died suddenly from apoplexy while in camp at Aldershot. Mr. Berkeley was the son of General Sackville Hamilton Berkeley, Governor of

Barbadoes, and brother of Sir George Berkeley, Governor of Antigua. Mr. Sackville Berkeley was successively Vicar of Morebath, Rural Dean of Tiverton, Vicar of St. James's, Keyham, and Vicar of Heavitree, the most valuable and important living in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter. He was an enthusiastic Volunteer, and most popular with officers and men. He was a Surrogate of the Diocese of Exeter, and Assessor for the Bishop of Exeter under the Clergy Discipline Act.

Mr. Chamberlain has many responsibilities, and he may demur to a little addition to the number which is proposed by certain musicians. These gentlemen are offended by the importation of foreigners. They do not mind the foreign resident musicians in London, but they object to the encouragement of Blue Hungarian Minstrels, who are in great request in the season. Has not Mr. Chamberlain employed these wanderers to entertain his guests at official receptions? So his petitioners will ever pray that he will not do this again, and that he will, by legislation if possible, prevent the intruders from coming any more. Why the Blue Hungarians should be excluded when most of our operatic singers and famous instrumentalists are foreigners who do not dwell in England, is a puzzle to which Mr. Chamberlain's correspondents do not appear to have added their ingenuity.

Prince Henri of Orleans said some disrespectful things of the Italian officers in Abyssinia, and the consequence is that he has been challenged to a series of duels by some of their indignant compatriots. This is very unphilosophical. Considering what Prince Henri has said about Englishmen, who do not care a straw for his opinion, the Italians might imitate our composure with advantage. The most effectual discouragement of his little-tattle is to leave him severely alone, not to declare that Italian honour must be vindicated by the shedding of his blood.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been talking in Paris about Wolfe and Montcalm, and it is no small proof of his diplomatic address that he has reminded his hosts of the ancient glory of France in Canada without exciting any indiscreet commotion. The Canadian Premier's statesmanship is very much in evidence at present, for he has been chiefly instrumental in extinguishing Mr. Chamberlain's Zollverein scheme, and he has obtained the "denunciation" of our commercial treaties with Germany and Belgium. By this means Canada will reduce her tariff on British goods by twenty-five per cent, without being compelled to extend the same advantage to German and Belgian goods. This is a noteworthy and most welcome augury of Free Trade within the Empire.

Dr. Frank Chance, M.B., M.R.C.P., an accomplished linguist, and a Hebrew scholar of special eminence, has died at Nice, where he was on a visit to his daughter, Madame Duault, his own home being at Sydenham.

He came of a Birmingham family, and he studied for the medical profession at King's College, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the Tyrokh University Hebrew in 1855. In

Scholarship in 1854, and his M.B. degree in 1863 he became a member of the Royal College of Physicians, but he retired from practice a year or two later, on the death of his father. In conjunction with Dr. Bernard, he made a new translation of the Book of Job, and in 1875 he joined the Old Testament Revision Committee, working upon it more or less regularly for a period of nine years. He was buried in Brockley Cemetery, in the same grave as his wife, who died in 1889.

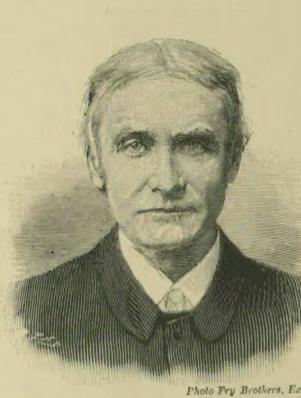


Photo Fry Brothers, Exeter.

THE LATE REV. SACKVILLE HAMILTON BERKELEY.

Professor Gokhale has considerably astonished his friends in this country by withdrawing the charges he made against the British officials at Poonah, and by apologising to the Indian Government. He says that he relied on the testimony of witnesses whose good faith he had never had reason to doubt. It appears now that the trustworthy witnesses are unconscious liars. It is a pity that Professor Gokhale's innocence was so abused, and a still greater pity that certain people in England took him seriously.

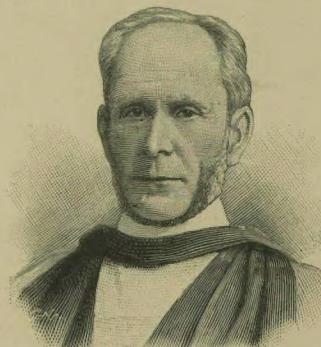
The Wallace Collection is to remain at Hertford House, supposing that the recommendations of the Committee appointed to consider the matter are adopted. It is estimated that the purchase of the house and freehold and certain structural alterations to improve light and space will cost the nation a little bill of about £90,000. This, however, in the opinion of the Committee is in all respects more advantageous than any scheme of an alternative site. Mr. Claude Phillips, art critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, has been appointed keeper of the collection.

The appointment to the Bishopric of Bristol has been long in coming, but now that it is made nothing could be

more satisfactory. As a Professor at Cambridge, then as Canon of St. Paul's, and since 1895 as Bishop of Stepney, Dr. Browne has enjoyed unfailing popularity. He has not allied himself definitely with either party in the Church, and on that account Lord Salisbury has been well advised in

sending him to a diocese where party feeling had shown some signs of placing difficulties in the path of the Bishop. The new diocesan is in other ways admirably qualified for the work in the West. Organising powers are needed, and it was as an organiser that he first came into prominence at Cambridge. Moreover, when he was made a Suffragan for the diocese of London, the districts under his control had suffered a good deal from the prolonged ill-health of Bishop Billing. Bishop Browne speedily pulled things together, and has since carried on with the utmost success that reformation of the East End which began under the present Bishop of Wakefield. Full of tact and pleasant in manner, possessed of great learning and an expert controversialist, tolerant towards all good workers, and absolutely void of fad or eccentricity, Dr. Browne should make an excellent Bishop of Bristol and very materially strengthen the Church in the West.

Widespread and very genuine is the regret occasioned by the death of Major-General Charles Alexander Sim,

Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.
THE RIGHT REV. G. FOREST BROWNE, D.D.
The New Bishop of Bristol.

staying instead at Westgate, a place which has long been a favourite with him.

By a melancholy coincidence, the country of Siam has lost one of the most highly esteemed of its English residents and the King of Siam a valued English friend, at the very time when the monarch's sojourn within our gates is drawing attention to the cordial goodwill existing between the two countries. For Mr. Wolseley Lewis, who died at Bangkok on July 8, had not only acted as resident tutor to the King of Siam's sons for the last five years, but occupied a position of some public importance as one of the pioneers of education generally in Siam, thanks to a natural ability and strength of character which gave him a widespread influence in the country. His loss has been the occasion of very real regret to the King and the Siamese Government. Mr. Lewis was a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford.



Photo Maudes, Llandudno.

THE LATE MR. WOLSELEY LEWIS.

The Royal Academy, like every other institution, except the British Empire, is said to have suffered from the Jubilee season. The sale of pictures has been moderately good, but the public have paid a distressingly small number of shillings to see them. It is quite unjust to say that this is on account of the unsatisfactory quality of the exhibition, which was one of the best of recent years.

The bye-election in the Brightsides division of Sheffield, caused by the death of Mr. Mundella, is a lively contest between Mr. F. Maddison, the Liberal and Labour candidate, and Mr. Fitzalan Hope, the Conservative champion. The Independent Labour party have not started a candidate of their own, but they have issued a manifesto declaring that Mr. Maddison is a minion of the capitalists. Mr. Mundella had a large majority in the division, but this is no criterion of the strength of parties, as his personal influence was a factor recognised by both sides.

Mr. Gladstone once exhorted the British farmer to make jam. He now expresses his wonder that the depressed agriculturist allows the foreigner to beat him hollow in the matter of eggs. Why can't we produce more eggs, so as to reduce the foreign supply? There seems no answer to this problem, just as there is no answer to the very material question why we have to rely on the Danish farmers for so much butter. On the face of it, butter and eggs are the very things in which the British producer ought to hold his own. But he does not hold it.

A Balaklava hero has died in the Manchester Workhouse at Crumpsall. That is not very inspiring reading, from a recruiting point of view. To add to the irony, John Richardson, a pauper in life, was treated in death to all sorts of posthumous honour—a gun-carriage for the coffin, a Union Jack to cover it, wreaths of flowers, a firing party to deliver their three volleys over all that was left of this particular one of the gallant Six Hundred. "When shall their glory fade?" The glory that gives you to a workhouse when you are fit for no further service is but a paper glory after all.

The satisfactory news of the successful relief of Chakdara is unhappily marred by the inevitable list of casualties.

Prominent in the list stands the name of Major William Willoughby Taylor, of the 4th Bengal Infantry, who has succumbed to wounds received in the night attack on the Malakand camp. Major Taylor, who was only thirty-nine years of age, was a son of Major J. d'Esterre Taylor, and had proved himself a gallant officer during a good deal of active service, which included the Zob Valley Expedition of 1884 and the Hazara Campaign of nine years ago. His conduct in the latter expedition won him the medal and clasp.



Photo Stabler, Sunderland.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES SIM, R.E.

in the interests of the London School Board and other public institutions, and his vigorous, kindly personality long since won him a multitude of friends. A son of the late Mr. John Cooyarne Sim, of Coombe Wood, Surrey, he was born in 1839 and received his commission in the Madras Engineers nineteen years later. With that corps he took part in the Kohat Expedition of 1869, in which he won the distinction of being mentioned in despatches and receiving the thanks of the Indian Government. In the Afghan War of 1879 he commanded three companies of Madras Sappers, and was a member of the second expedition into the Baza Valley under Lieutenant-General Maude, and earned the medal and promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was made a Major-General in 1884. Nine years ago he was returned by Westminster as one of its members on the London School Board, and continued to represent the constituency in the Moderate interest up to the present time. Ill-health, however, had recently obliged him to tender his resignation, and he would have retired from office this month. General Sim married the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Gordon Clark, of Mickleham Hall, Surrey.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, though reported some time ago to be better after his long and serious illness, has not felt well enough to attend Parliament during this hot weather, all teas upon the terrace notwithstanding. He has been

THE MAGAZINE ART UNION.

Our readers will perceive, on reference to our advertising columns, that the distribution of original works of art which have appeared in the pages of this periodical will be made by the Magazine Art Union on Aug. 21. It is necessary to remind our readers that coupons must be sent in prior to that date.

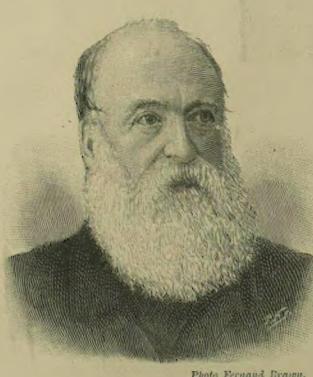


Photo Fenton Draper.

THE LATE DR. FRANK CHANCE.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of York visited the Queen on Friday evening, and again on Sunday afternoon. Their Royal Highnesses were staying at West Cowes, on board the royal yacht *Osborne*, with Princess Victoria of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark. On Monday the Queen reviewed, at Osborne, the 5th Battalion of the Isle of Wight (Princess Beatrice's) Volunteers.

Princess Henry of Battenberg on Saturday, at Ventnor, laid the foundation-stone of an additional block of buildings for the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, to be erected in memory of her husband; she visited also St. Catherine's Home at Ventnor.

Prince Charles of Denmark has left England for Copenhagen. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has gone on a visit to Germany.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein again attended Goodwood Races on Thursday, July 29.

Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, on July 28 distributed the prizes of the Royal Indian College of Engineering at Cooper's Hill.

The Duke of Norfolk, Postmaster-General, with the Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Spencer Walpole, and other official gentlemen, received on July 28 a deputation from the London sorters of letters and provincial postmen, introduced by Sir Albert Rollit, asking for changes with regard to their overtime work and rates of pay. A conference was opened for the investigation of these matters.

Her Majesty's Government has taken an important step towards the adoption of a new commercial policy by giving notice, on Friday, July 30, to the Imperial Government of Germany that the existing treaty of commerce between Great Britain and Germany, signed in 1865, will be terminated on and after July 30, 1898. The object sought by this proceeding is to release England from the obligation, under that treaty, to allow German trade, in all cases, the most favourable terms granted to any other trade; and this is deemed needful as a preliminary to granting special advantages to some of the British colonies. A similar course will probably be taken with regard to the existing Belgian treaty of commerce.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, with several of the Aldermen, attended by the officers of the City Corporation, have arrived at Brussels to visit the International Exhibition, and have been received with due honours by the Belgian civic municipality.

The magisterial decision that a policeman may stop a cyclist who rides after dark without a light has been reversed. It is held that the policeman commits an assault upon the man on the wheel if he puts out a hand to impede his progress. The Home Secretary has been asked, in consequence, if he will order that each cycle should be licensed, and should bear a number in a prominent place. Considering how many figures, certainly six, such a number might attain in London, the policeman's chance of reading it aright as the cyclist skinned past at the rate of ten miles an hour, and this after dark, would be poor enough. The Home Secretary, therefore, has not accepted the numbering of the cycles suggested by Mr. Weir; but he is going to consider whether the unlighted cyclist should not be arrested for riding to the common danger.

Arbitrations, big and little, seem for the moment to be out of favour. The American Senate has found an imitator in the Nottingham Hospitals Committee, to whom Mr. Hooley promised £10,000 if a like sum were subscribed in the town upon conditions implied or stated, which he does not think have been strictly observed. The joint issue on this point, a proposal for arbitration, under such circumstances, does not seem to be an unreasonable one. It has been made by Mr. Hooley, but it has been disregarded by the Nottingham Committee.

The library of the House of Lords has just received a

new adornment in the shape of a bust of the late Earl of Derby, who during his life was to be found more often than almost any other peer in that room. Earl Stanhope is the donor of the bust.

The Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, if it is still far short of the original expectation, has made steady progress during the past two months. It now amounts to £180,000, exclusive of the proceeds of the hospital stamps.

Terms of peace between Turkey and Greece have been settled, apparently, by the negotiations of the European diplomats with the Sultan, upon the basis of a war indemnity of £4,000,000 to be paid by Greece, besides nearly £500,000 claimed for damages in Epirus. It is not yet determined in what manner, or under what conditions, Greece will obtain foreign pecuniary assistance to find the sum demanded of her; but in the meantime it is understood Turkish troops will occupy some points of the Thessalian frontier. The Admirals of the foreign squadrons on the coast of Crete have forbidden the landing of additional Turkish troops, but stores and ammunition for

approaching from different sides, till on July 28 they were driven back with severe loss. Lieutenant Manley, Deputy Assistant Commissary, was killed, Major W. Taylor, 45th Bengal Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Lamb, Major Herbert, and others, severely wounded, the total of casualties being nearly a hundred. A field force of two brigades, under command of Major-General Sir Bindon Blood, including the Buffs and the West Kent Regiment and the 11th Hussars, has advanced to chastise the enemy, and has relieved the garrison at Chakdara, in the Swat Valley, defeating a large hostile force which attacked the fortified post.

The mischievous agitation recently fostered among the native population of some parts of India, especially in the Bombay Presidency, by declaimers against the enforcement of sanitary regulations to prevent the spread of plague and other diseases, has obliged the Government to resort to stringent measures. These are directed against some publishers of seditious native papers. Gangadhar Tilak, formerly a member of the Legislative Council, proprietor and editor of the *Kesari*, and Kesew Madow Bal, the publisher, have been arrested at Poona; also the Sirdar Balwantrao Natu and Tatyā Sahib, persons belonging to a rich Mahratta family. The Court refused to accept bail for these prisoners, who have been deported to Ahmedabad and Thana. Some Anglo-Indian correspondents ascribe to this agitation the late murder of Lieutenant Ayerst, who was shot while returning with his wife in a carriage from the Governor's ball at Gunesh Khind. It is conjectured that the assassins mistook him for one of the Government medical officers.

In South Africa the campaign against the Mashonaland native rebel tribes, conducted by Sir Richard Martin with the Rhodesian armed police and colonial volunteers, seems to be approaching its conclusion. The stronghold of the hostile chief Mashingombi, among the rocks and caves beyond Hartley, was captured last week by Commandant Moleyns, with Captains Carew and Poore, after several days' sharp fighting, in which one or two of the English troopers were killed and others wounded. The chief himself was slain, and on July 27 his stronghold was blown up with dynamite. Five or six hundred prisoners were taken. Dr. Jameson has arrived at Fort Salisbury.

Military operations in the Soudan for Sir Herbert Kitchener's further advance up the Nile to Abu Hamid, and possibly to Berber, are now being recommended with quiet activity. In the meantime the Dervish forces collected at Omdurman or Khartoum have taken steps which show an intention to resist the approach of the Anglo-Egyptian army. They have attacked and defeated a strong gathering of the Jaalin tribe, which had revolted against the Khalifa's rule, and have driven these away from Metamneh, the farthest place on the Nile reached by the Khartoum Expedition.

of 1884, about one hundred miles below Khartoum. The remnant of the Jaalin, with the Hassania, Hawawir, and other tribes of the Bayuda Desert, are now assembling at Gakdul, to assist Sir Herbert Kitchener's expedition.

Sportsmen will welcome the new illustrated catalogue of guns issued by the well-known gunmaker, Mr. G. E. Lewis, of Lower Lovelace Street, Birmingham. The catalogue, which has been brought thoroughly up to date, is not a mere trade list, but a model of valuable information concisely put together. From its pages the sportsman at a distance or the Colonial purchaser can judge the suitability of any individual gun to his own particular requirements, so detailed and instructive is the information given. The bend and lengths of stock are given, with weight and full description of each gun and rifle, the technical terms in English, French, Italian, and Spanish being supplied. In addition, the parcel post rates to all parts of the world are given. The hints on converting muzzle-loaders to breech-loaders, pin-fires to central fires, the different makes of Winchester rifles, details concerning the use of cartridges for rifles or shot-guns, and much more of value will be found concisely set forth.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The Latest Portrait, from a Photograph taken June 30, by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Windsor.

the Turkish garrisons there are still admitted. A battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers has been sent to Crete from Malta, and further British reinforcements are expected.

The conflict with the hill tribes in the neighbourhood of the Malakand Pass, north of the Punjab frontier above Peshawar on the road to Chitral, has cost several lives of British officers and soldiers. It seems to have been instigated by the fanatical preaching of a Mohammedan Mullah in the Swat Valley, while the local ruler, the Khan of Dir, who did good service to the military expedition two years ago, and who receives a pension from the Indian Government, remains quite loyal. On July 26, when many officers of the Malakand garrison were playing polo, four miles from the Kotal, or fortified station, the camp was suddenly attacked by a mob of nearly a thousand hillmen. Colonel W. H. Meiklejohn, commanding the brigade, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lamb, Major Lionel Herbert, Major W. Taylor, Captain H. F. Holland, Lieutenants Leonard Manley, Watling, Chimo, and Rawlins, having some companies of Madras Sappers and Miners, 24th and 31st Punjab Infantry, and 11th Bengal Cavalry, successfully defended the camp, but the fighting went on through the night and was resumed next day. The numbers of the enemy increased to about five thousand,



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS..."

By Henry Stannard.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

of the
Corsican
legion, the
towering
brass helmets
of Condé's men.

Even cassocked
priests took pleasure
with circumspection

and drank the wines of Italy served from dainty flasks.
So great was the press of aristocrat and of citizen that
a table apart was a possession of great price. One man
alone in all the throng commanded such a privilege

and was not denied. He was Bourgorieau, the King's
swordsman.

A man of small stature, slightly pock-marked, yet
pleasant of countenance, with a beard trimmed in the
Spanish fashion, and a suit of violet cloth to cover a frame
of iron—such was Bourgorieau the swordsman. Many
turned to look at him when they passed, but none so long
as to draw upon himself the gaze of one who was the
master even of the masters of his art. At any other time,
perhaps, in the garden of the Tuilleries or the theatre of
the palace, it had been possible to exchange a greeting with
this man of Nantes whose sword had cut for him such a
broad road to fame. But at the Tambour Royal that

THE Feast of the Precious Blood, on the fourth day of July, in the year 1761, sent many of old Paris to the Gardens of the Courtille des Porcherons, famous at that time for the great signboard, upon which Master Ramponeau, the host of the guinguette, was depicted sitting astride a hogshead, and therefrom beckoning all the city to taste of his unsurpassable wines. Other courtilles, it is true, waged a good fight against the booths and bazaars of the Tambour Royal, as old Ramponeau's house was called; but the fame of his tavern was built upon the rock of a royal patronage, and rare was the day when some masquerader from the Palace did not drive to that place of arbours and of shade in quest of adventure which should oil his tongue at Trianon. Thither, too, went the butter-girls from the Quai de Gesvres, ready with their pretty patois to answer the Dragoons of the Guard—thither, as rumour said, Madame herself had gone under the escort of the Due de Richelieu. Bourgeois or aristocrat, priest or clerk, student or philosopher, trooper or captain—it mattered not in the gardens of Ramponeau. He had the same welcome for all—the same witty greeting, the same civility. And he knew more of the secrets of Paris than the Canons of Notre Dame themselves. "Oh, ce bon Ramponeau, comme il est drôle!" said the women. The men spoke of his wines. There were no better in Paris. To drink them you could suffer even the music of Ramponeau's fiddler and the dust of the drive to the Porcherons.

The Feast of the Precious Blood was a day of sun and heat; but a cool breeze came up with the evening, and many masqueraders gathered at the hour of eight o'clock in the shady avenues of the Tambour Royal. Ramponeau, whose long neck twisted unrestingly in his greetings to this great man or to that, was hoarse with proclaiming the merits of his wine of Burgundy and of his Armagnac. The weary fiddler in the great tent beat his instrument savagely as though angry with it and the world which compelled him. The jaded dancers had abandoned the more stately steps of the Basque for the fever of the Poitou jig. Everywhere in the cool of the gardens the lovers walked; here a wit of Trianon impatient at the slow understanding of a Corydon; there a dragoon who told himself that the masked unknown who clung timorously to his arm must certainly be a Duchess. Uniforms gorgeous in gold and lace were to be observed through a tracery of boughs and leaves still green—the scarlet of the gendarmerie, the blue



"So you are Lucien Duval," he said when he had drunk a deep draught.

R. Caton Woodville
1897.

was a thing not to be thought of. Even Ramponeau would cease to twist his long neck and to speak of Armagnac when he approached the arbour of wild roses before the doors of which the maître d'armes sat. Swaggering troopers ceased to swagger when they beheld the pock-marked face and the suit of violet. No dancing-girl had the temerity to thrust out her tambourine for the sons of Bourgorieau. He sat alone, silent, asking friendship of none, nor seeking it.

It had been seven o'clock when Bourgorieau entered the tavern of old Ramponeau; it was half-past eight before he remembered that Javotte, his daughter, would be waiting for him in the little house upon the island of Saint Louis. She would have supper prepared against his coming. He was not one who cared very much for the hospitality of taverns; nor would he have gone to the Tambour Royal at all had not the vanity of his art compelled him. While men said that he was a sullen rogue who sat apart because of the grim shadows upon his life, he, in turn, was telling himself that it was good to observe the fear of his fellows, and to assert, whatever it might be, that title of mastership which his sword had won for him so readily in Paris. For the poltroons who passed swiftly by his table, he felt nothing but contempt; but the contempt was a thought of gain; and he reminded himself often that it would be a bad day for him when men ceased to remark his coming or to give him the chief seats in the guinguette. For the rest, the tipsy masquerader, the hollow wit, the glitter of colour and the music of fiddles, he cared not at all. His life lay in his house, in the love of child and home. His arm had quivered many a time when he stood to the encounter and told himself that he might never see Javotte again. Yet the world said he did not know fear. He laughed at the world and kept his secret.

The tavern clock chimed the hour; the throng was increasing in the grove when the King's swordsman drained his glass of Chianti and began to feel in his pocket for a crown wherewith to pay the score of old Ramponeau. He was upon the point of rising from the table when an exclamation, uttered by one who passed by, caused him to look up quickly and to discover that he was no longer alone in the arbour. A young man, shabbily dressed in a suit of brown cloth, and carrying a traveller's bundle upon his shoulder, had left the ranks of the masqueraders to trespass upon that forbidden ground which all Paris had conceded to the Kingdom of Bourgorieau. So quick had the action been, so little expected, that none put out a hand to touch the youth upon the shoulder or to tell him whither he went.

Seeming to know nothing of the place or the people, the stranger advanced boldly to the sacred table, upon which he cast his bundle with the air of one very much fatigued. Then he fell rather than sat in the chair which awaited any person fortunate enough to enjoy the hospitality of the maître d'armes. The half-suppressed exclamation of anger which the swordsman uttered was lost upon him. He saw nothing of the gaping amazement of those who stood in the shadow of the trees; he did not hear the sympathy and surprise which the women uttered.

"Oh, c'est ben," he exclaimed as he sat, and his ilion was that of Eastern France, "I have walked far, Monsieur, and there is dust upon the road to Strasbourg. You will let me sit a little while at your table and drink a cup of wine with you?"

Bourgorieau looked upon the lad as upon some curiosity fallen from the heavens at his feet. His first thought had been to call for a cudgel and to thrash the impudent fellow soundly; but the music of the young man's voice, his soft, pleasing, almost girlish face, his tremendous ignorance, stayed the other's hand. He glanced quickly to that place between the trees where the carousal was at its height, and saw that they waited for him to act. How if he did not humour them? he asked himself. It was a pleasing whim, this idea of suffering the stranger at his table. And if any came to question him he would know how to answer.

"So you are from Strasbourg, mon vieux?" he said, surprised not a little at the sound of his own voice. "And yet you come in at the Porte St. Denis?"

"I live by the bridge of Neuilly," answered the youth simply; "to-morrow, if all goes well, I shall see my home again—but first I have my work to do in Paris, and it is for that I am come to this tavern. Oh, surely, Sir, these are very great people, and I shall hear from them of him whom I seek. Is not this the house of Maitre Ramponeau, whom even the Queen has honoured? They said so out yonder. 'You will find him,' they said; and I know they speak well. To-morrow I shall go on again—the work will be done. It must be done, for God has willed it."

He laid his head upon his arms wearily, as though all the light and music of the house could not keep sleep from his eyes. Bourgorieau knew not what chord of sympathy was struck at the note of the young man's voice, but somehow he began to think of Javotte waiting for him at home. He said that they would make a pretty pair—this curly-headed lad of Strasbourg, who talked so blithely of having work to do, and the little maid of his own house, who alone in all Paris could find love for him. He was half of a mind to bid the stranger follow him to the island of St. Louis, and there to share his supper; but first he asked a question, and the answer to it was a word to set

him laughing as he had not laughed since he left the salle d'armes of old Andrea at Nantes.

"You say, lad, that you are looking for someone in Paris. Who is he that his business should bring him to this tavern?"

"I seek Bourgorieau, he whom they call the King's swordsman. You know him, Monsieur?"

Bourgorieau leaned back in his chair, and stared, open-mouthed, at the speaker.

"If I know him—what then?"

"Be so good as to tell me where I may find the man who murdered my father."

Bourgorieau laughed so loudly that many came out of the grove to listen. "It is his son who has returned," said some; others that he had drunk over-much Burgundy. But the stranger neither laughed with the maître d'armes nor observed those who watched him so curiously.

"I am Lucien," he continued, "the son of Georges Duroc, who was killed in this tavern eight years ago, Monsieur. I was a boy then, but to-day I am a man. I come to Paris to do the work appointed to me. Laugh as you please, I know well that God sends me here and that my journey will not be in vain. To-morrow, Bourgorieau will be dead and I shall be in my mother's house again."

He spoke neither loudly nor with a boaster's voice. In his eyes there was a light as of a spiritual force working in his mind and creating visions for him. Bourgorieau laughed no longer. The frail and prettily rounded arms, the white skin, the gentle face of the youth were forgotten by him. He recalled, rather, the day when he had killed Georges Duroc in that very garden. Some trivial excuse of insult had served for the deed of that night. And this was the man's son—sent, as he said, by God to demand a reckoning. Bourgorieau tried to laugh scornfully at all superstitions. He told himself that he could fight this lad of Strasbourg with a bandage over his eyes. But his mouth was parched when he sought to answer the youth; and he called to one near him to send another flask of Chianti.

"So you are Lucien Duroc," he said when he had drunk a deep draught, "and you come here to settle with old Bourgorieau. Ma foi, you have a fine conceit, my friend!"

Lucien sipped at the wine offered to him and began to bind his bundle more securely.

"Monsieur," he replied very earnestly, "you do not understand me; I do not know if I understand these things myself, for they are God's mysteries. It is true, as you say, that Maitre Bourgorieau is the first blade in Paris; we have heard even in Strasbourg of the things he has done and the favour he has won. For myself, I have not held a sword in my hand but two or three times in all my life. How then, you ask, shall I bring such a one to his account? Sir, I know not what answer I can make if it be not to tell you of all the things I have heard and seen in the long nights of this last year at Strasbourg. Oh, Monsieur, the gate of heaven has been opened for me, and I have heard the Divine voice commanding me that I should arise and go to Paris and do this thing. Often in my dreams have I heard the voices bidding me to leave the city and to delay no longer. 'Seek and you shall find, and the angels shall keep watch over you,' they said always. Sir, should I fear any man because I have listened to the message and have come here as I am commanded? Am I not right to say that to-morrow the justice of Heaven will fall upon him who killed my father, and that I shall go back to my mother's house, and tell her to mourn no more for him whom we loved, but to be glad because justice has been done? I am young, and I know that my life is before me. I have seen gardens of flowers in my sleep, and have walked there with those who will be with me to my life's end. I have stood upon the banks of a great river, and the sweet breezes have blown upon my face; and I have heard the message that I shall follow the river to the new country of my dreams. Life is sweet to me, for I am young: but I shall not lose my life because God sends me to Paris; there is none that can harm me while I go to my duty and defend my father's honour. Think not, Monsieur, that I boast when I say that to-morrow Bourgorieau will be dead. The King himself could not save him now; it is written in the Book of Fate, and no human hand shall blot that writing out."

He rose from the table at the words, and took up his bundle as though the rest were in itself the enemy of his mission. Bourgorieau, who had sat white and silent while he spoke, now awoke as from a spell and touched the speaker upon the arm.

"Sit," he said in a low voice; "sit and tell me more of these dreams of yours, my friend. Who knows that this meeting is not written also in the Book you name?"

Lucien rested his bundle upon the table. Bourgorieau saw his hands trembled; there was in his eyes the light of the mystic awakened, of the dreamer made strong by the fevers of dreams.

"What will it serve if you cannot bring me face to face with the man I seek?" he exclaimed.

"Has he no love of life, too?" asked Bourgorieau, upon whose forehead heavy drops of sweat were starting. "Has he no home to which he would return; is there none there to welcome his coming or to mourn if he should not go

back? Would you make me the servant of his murderer, Monsieur Lucien? How shall I answer to his child—how shall I tell her—?"

"You shall say that you are the servant of a servant of God, Monsieur. Yet do not think that I compel you if your will is not in this matter. The same hand which beckoned me from Strasbourg will point the way still. I seek the aid of none—the friendship of none. I need no courage nor skill. To-morrow my work will be done, for the voices have promised so—to-morrow Paris will know of it. And the world will be a better world for the death of this man, Monsieur."

He bowed with the grace of one born to high place, and before the other could arrest him, disappeared in the grove. For many minutes after he had gone Bourgorieau sat staring at the masqueraders as though some afterthought would send the youth back to him and permit that opportunity of defence and argument of which surprise had robbed him. But the throng passed on; the music of the fiddlers waxed more discordant, the laughter was shriller and more brutal; and still the old swordsman sat alone. There were moments when he believed that he had dreamed of the youth's coming and of the words he remembered so distinctly. But this did not help him to shake off the strange foreboding which now began to possess him. It seemed to him that some miracle must have sent the lad to the gardens of the Tambour Royal. He recalled the boyish face, the dreamy eyes, the almost fanatical sense of mission. He remembered his confession that he knew nothing of the sword; and fell to uttering the names of those great fencers who had fallen in a brawl with the untutored or the unskilled. Minute by minute his fear magnified. How if this were, indeed, the justice of God come to overtake him? he asked himself. None had dared to tell him hitherto that Paris would be a better city for his death. The words which Lucien had uttered so solemnly echoed in his ears, "It is written in the Book." All the superstitions of the superstitious West crowded upon his mind. He laughed aloud to think of them, yet racked his brain the more for any omen of the past which would explain away the mystery of the night. When he left the garden at last, he staggered through the press blindly, caring nothing for the muttered curses which followed him. At the gate of the tavern he told himself that he was already a rich man and had promised himself someday a home in Nantes among his own people and the children of his boyhood.

The great clock of Notre Dame was striking eleven when Bourgorieau crossed the moonlit Pont Marie and beheld again the lamp set in the latticed window of his house upon the island. Crooked and gabled and lofty, the neighbour of the little church of Saint Louis of the Isle, leaning against other houses which had looked down upon the Paris of the Dark Ages, the tumbling building, nevertheless, was to him a palace of palaces. Here he could forget the intrigues of court and camp, the slights of those before whom he must cringe; the slanders of his unnumbered enemies. Here all pomp and ceremony were forgotten; here it was not his to serve nor to remember the darker side of service. At this hour of night the city around him was hushed in the silence of sleep. So clear was the sky that the stars seemed to have come down very near to the earth and to hang like golden lamps in the grey vault of the night. The swirling river lapped rhythmically upon the piles of the old bridge. By here and there a belated citizen clattered across the flags and went tipsy to his home. The guard paced his beat with measured and echoing steps.

Bourgorieau stood for a long while watching the light in his house. He could see Javotte as she waited at the window; a childlike figure weary with the vigil. He knew that the sound of his steps would animate that figure presently; would bring laughter to the sleepy eyes. He pictured the moment when he would hold her in his arms and read the joy of love written upon her face—the face of the one being in Paris who was sad at his going, who counted the hours that should bring him back again. And watching her he heard, as though a voice answered from the shadows, the words of Lucien Duroc in the gardens of Ramponeau: "Arise and go." Even as the voices had spoken to the lad, so now they warned him. To-morrow, he said, it would be too late. Javotte would wait at the window as of old, but the vigil would be eternal. Never again would the joy of her love shine in the eyes of the child—never again—

Bourgorieau hurried on. The guard standing in the shadow of the church heard a child's voice, sweet and melodious, above the murmur of the river.

"It is thou, dear father. Oh, how long I have waited for thee—how long!"

At ten o'clock upon the following morning a horseman rode at a gallop into the great courtyard of Versailles. To the many who asked him, "What news?" he answered only, "He is gone; the wager is won." But to the Due de Richelieu, who waited for him in the gardens of Trianon, he told a better story.

"All Paris talks of nothing else," he said. "The King must hear of it at once. Last night, at the house of Ramponeau, Mademoiselle Idamé, of the Opera, wagered that she would drive Bourgorieau, the bully, from the city within twenty-four hours. She dressed as a lad of

Strasbourg, and prated of a Divine mission. This morning the man set out for Nantes, taking his daughter with him. He will come here no more, Monsieur le Duc. Saint John, that I should be first with such news."

The Duke stopped in his walk and gazed open-mouthed at the messenger.

"How—Bourgoricau is gone—you say he will not come back?"

"I say well, or if he come it will be his last visit. Paris knows now that he is a coward, and twenty blades will be ready for him. We live in a day of miracles, and this is one of them. But I go to the King lest others be before me. A thousand crowns—ma foi, she should have won ten thousand!"

Bourgoricau heard of the jest in his home at Nantes. He answered those who told him by showing them the house he had built and the garden he had planted. They heard Javotte singing there, yet wondered at his indifference.

"I care not," he said, "for she who was sent came to me from God."

THE END.

NATURE IN AUGUST.

Up to now the year has been mainly preparatory and unfolding. It is true that many flowers, as well as fruits and vegetables, have matured by the way, and that the hay has been made, but the crest of the year is before us. The burdened ears are now bending, the larger roots are still swelling, and the golden fruits are just appearing among the dark green foliage, reminding us of the fabled Hesperides.

August is the month of the grain harvest. If the weather be fine, the reapers are at work from the dawn of day to the drop of night gathering the precious store. We hear no longer the short, sharp cuts from the curving sickles, but there is instead the puff of the engine, the march of the reaping machine, and the automatic binder that dispenses with Dolly. The farmer, riding over his acres directing operations, rejoices at the approaching termination of his care, unless a cloud appear; then his eyes turn heavenward, and his mind is fearful lest the rains should fall and his corn should sprout while the men stand helpless in the sheds. But usually the stalks are combined into sheaves, and the sheaves borne away to the rising stacks. Later, when the work is finished, comes the "harvest home," with its old English supper of beef and pudding and nut-brown ale. The host bids everyone be hearty, and reserve flies away as the food disappears. The burly rustics exchange glances with their sweethearts, and the ancient wits exchange unwind again the "good old times." Then the fiddler strikes up for the dance, and the old men seat themselves round the walls, with their pipes and their glasses, by the side of their wives, to be spectators of the scene. The farmer leads off—if he be a man of taste—with the prettiest girl, and his wife with one of the guests. Corydon follows with Phyllis, Damon with Clorinda, and the others as they please, till the floor is filled with dancers.

The "glorious Twelfth," of course, opens the grouse-shooting. Reports have been carefully gathered whether the birds are plentiful and strong on the wing, and there is a stampede to the moors to have a shot at the game. Princes and Dukes are as ready as plebeians, and you might come across a Cabinet Minister sitting on a gate while his bag, age and his guns are being transferred to a dogcart. The charm that draws them all is not difficult to analyse. It is a total escape from the cramping world to expansive and glorious purple, with invigorating tramps on the springy heather, the exhilaration of a strong, pure air, and a constantly recurring stimulation to alertness when-

The flowers of the month are more than usually gorgeous. There are the scarlet poppies, the intense bluebottles, the purple and white corncockles, and the bright yellow corn-marigolds. The tufted vetch, and the feathery plumes of the clematis or traveller's-joy are still showing themselves in the hedgerows. The convolvulus is creeping over the fields, among the hedges, up the scarlet-runner sticks and raspberry canes, or along anything it can reach. The grassy banks are in many places covered with golden patches of hawkweeds or cerulean tufts of harebells, the delicate azure forms of the latter swinging in the breezes after their leaves have withered away. The willow-herbs are making a great show in moist places. The golden-rod is now in the woods and the nipplewort by the hedges.

Otter-hunting, as a sport, has considerably declined. However, we occasionally read in the papers, when the streams are warm, how the hounds have been taken out and dislodged one of these wholesale fish-destroyers—something between a seal and a polecat—from his refuge in the bank, and how they have followed up his long dives and wily doubles till he has either triumphantly escaped or fought gamely for his life at bay.

During August the heat is generally great. The sun-beaten streets of the towns become almost insufferable, and along the white roads clouds of dust sweep unchecked to choke or blind us. Out over the stubbles one can actually see the waves of hot air ascending.

How to go comfortably through these heat-stricken days has been a problem through the summer for the rich and the poor. The former have turned to their ices, their squashes, and their salads: the latter to deeper potations of water or beer; while both have thrown aside their heavier clothing. These are the times when the philosophy of idleness comes most into play. Some have already been seeking the cool of the rivers or the broads in house-boats. Not a few have been gliding drowsily at every opportunity down some gentle verdure-bordered current, where the silence has been only broken by the birds and the lazy



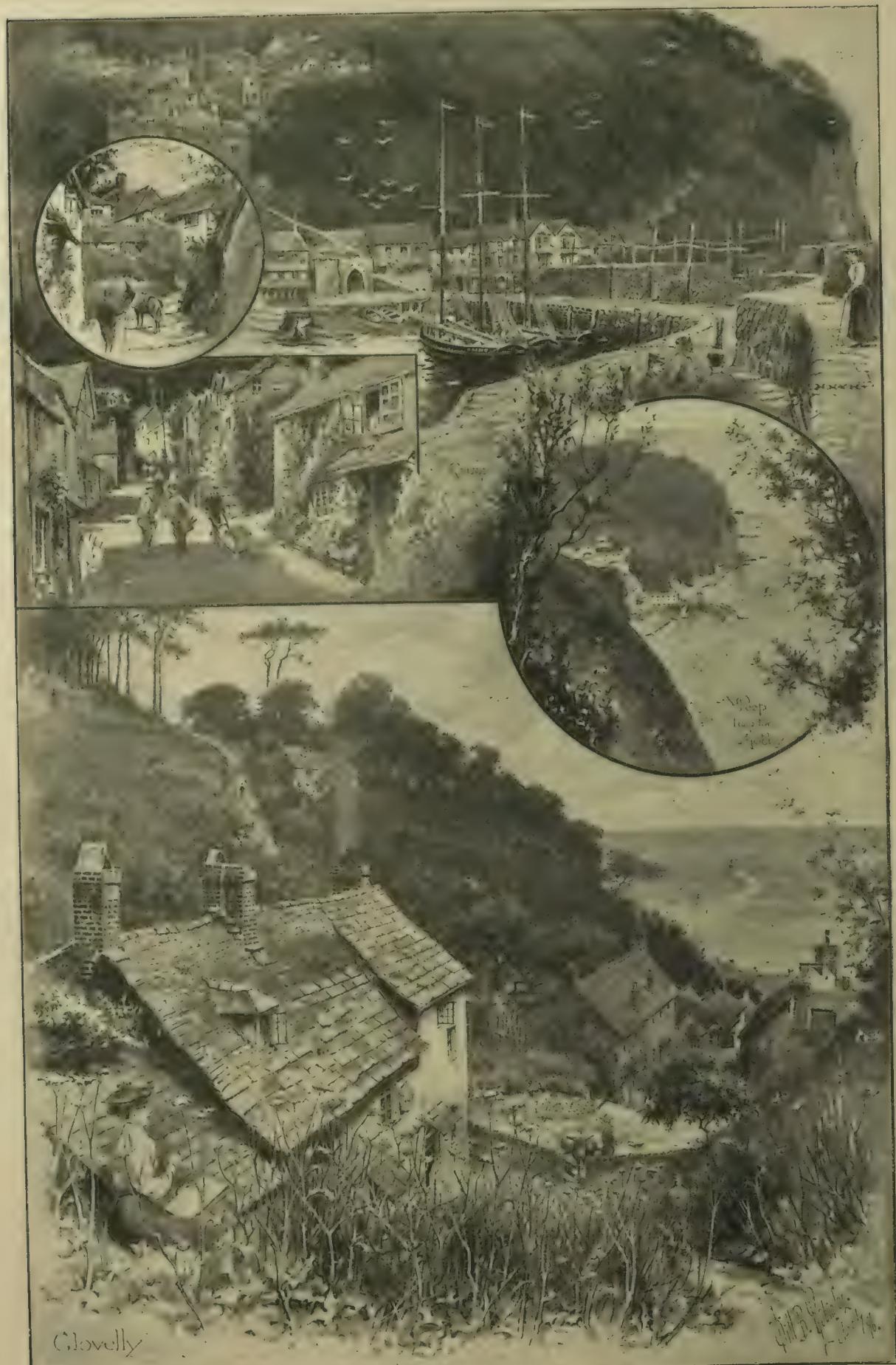
"This morning the man set out for Nantes, taking his daughter with him."

ever the red-brown wings clear the cover. Then there are the *al fresco* luncheons with the ladies at mid-day, and the dinners for sharpened appetites at night, with the social enjoyments that follow.

During this month we are compelled to observe that the days are surely shortening. However, the tranquil evenings are glorified and made more acceptable by the rich golden light of the harvest moon.

The birds evidently notice that the waning has begun, for the lapwings and the larks begin to congregate, the starlings join the rooks, and the swifts—the latest of the swallows to arrive—assemble in flocks to be the first to go away. Second broods are now fledged, and feathers may be noticed here and there on the ground, as many of the old birds are silent and moulting. The cornrake ceases his call, but the redbreast begins to sing again as the shedding of his feathers is over.

rhythm of the oars in the rowlocks. Others have been scudding in their yachts over the face of the briny, with the cold spray splashing into their grateful countenances. Those who love Nature have reclined, like Tityrus, under the cover of some broad-spreading tree, away altogether from the din and bustle of the big broiling town, where they could quietly muse on the calm of the country, and bring their hot, fretful spirits into line with its own. Some have waded up the streams angling for the finny inhabitants, or sought the cool, strong atmosphere of the moors. And we must not omit the cyclists, who have been scorching along the highways, catching plenty of air and dust, but little repose. In addition to all these there is, through this month, an exodus of the people from the towns to the sea, that they may inhale the free ozone and plunge their overheated, languid bodies into the waters, to be braced for the winter and its toil.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: CLOVELLY.



TURKISH POLICE PATROLLING THE STREETS OF STAMBOUL.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: NO. XIX.—VITTORIA.

The prestige of Napoleon, shattered by the defeat of the Grand Army, was for a moment repaired by the temporary successes of the fresh force which, even amid misfortune, the Emperor's consummate genius had gathered at Mainz. But the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen, although they restored Buonaparte's cause in central Europe, were shortly to be overshadowed by a crushing defeat sustained by his brother Joseph in the west. Hope revived for the Allies with the battle of Vittoria, which was finally to drive the invader from the Peninsula.

Early in 1813 Wellington left Portugal with an army of about 90,000 men, which he distributed in a very extensive line, pursuant to a plan of campaign, which, if successful, would sweep the enemy over the frontier into France. The French retreated before the unexpected advance, Joseph Buonaparte retiring from Madrid to Burgos, and thence to the Ebro. At Vittoria King Joseph realised that he must choose between resistance and ignominious withdrawal to the Pyrenees. At Vittoria, accordingly, he concentrated his forces, whereupon Wellington followed suit. Joseph, with the French corps under Drouet, Leval, Gazan, Reille, and Villatte, was confronted by Wellington, who, like the Sabine of old, had "made out three bands." The allied divisions were commanded by Hill, Graham, and Wellington, whose combined forces outnumbered the enemy by about 20,000 men.

Joseph's position had many weaknesses. One brigade, Maransin's, was hopelessly isolated and too weak to hold its ground. The right flank was likewise unsupported. The centre, though naturally strong, was ill-disposed—the guns being within musket-shot of a wood accessible to the Allies, while the best line of retreat towards the right flank (that is, northward in the direction of Gamara Mayor) was encumbered by thousands of carriages and similar obstructions. The river Zadura, "folding" the French position "as with an arm," was spanned by seven bridges. None of these were either broken or entrenched. Noting these defects, Wellington determined to force the passage.

At daybreak on June 21, 1813, amid rain and mist, the allied army entered the basin of Vittoria and slowly approached the Zadura. The left hand column headed for Mendoza; the right held around the Morillas, beyond which Hill, having about ten o'clock captured the village of Puebla, had already begun the passage of the river. To the right of the great road lay a mountain, which Morillo's Spaniards assailed. A British detachment remained below, connected with the scaling party by the Second Spanish Brigade. Little fighting took place until the summit was almost reached. Then sharp skirmishing began, and Morillo was wounded. The hill was hotly contested, both sides sending frequent reinforcements, and for a long time little advantage was gained by either. At length, however, the Allies passed the defile of Puebla, and won Subijana de Elava, which they maintained.

Wellington, in the meantime, had brought the Fourth and Light Divisions, with British and Portuguese cavalry, as far as the Zadura, to assail the bridges of Nancareas and Villedas. The weather had cleared, and hot skirmishing took place along the bank of the river. No serious effort, however, was made, for several advanced divisions, obstructed by heavy ground, had not reached their point of attack, and the forward movement of any considerable force by the bridge of Nancareas would have crowded a great body of troops in front of the Puebla defile before the other divisions were ready to attack the enemy's right and centre.

Then occurred one of the most striking incidents of the fight. A Spanish peasant, having informed Wellington that the bridge of Tres Puentes, which lay on the left of the Light Division, was unguarded, offered his services as guide. Led by this man, Kempf's brigade passed the bridge at the run, mounted the rising ground in front, and halted at a point actually behind the King's advanced post, and close to his line. French artillery came into play, and the unfortunate peasant, whose bravery had won this advantage, was among the first to fall. Still no general attack was delivered by the French, although Kempf had summoned the 13th Hussars across the river. They crossed, horseman by horseman, but, "the French remained torpid: showing," as Napier epigrammatically remarks, "that there was an army there, but no general."

By the time the Hussars had passed the narrow bridge, Hill had developed his attack on Subijana. Graham's attack on the enemy's extreme right had also begun. Joseph, finding both his flanks thus threatened, ordered a retreat of his reserve and the Army of the South towards

Vittoria. But now the Allied Third and Seventh Divisions had reached their ground and were threatening the bridge of Mendoza, which lay close to the right of the French main body. French cavalry bore down upon them, French artillery and light troops opened fire. Then Kempf's bold dash across the bridge of Tres Puentes told: for the riflemen who had crossed with him flung themselves between the French cavalry and the river, thereby exposing themselves to friendly fire, for their dark uniforms led the English artillerymen to mistake them for Frenchmen. Their exploit, however, enabled a brigade of the Third Allied Division to pass the bridge of Mendoza unopposed. Other brigades crossed by fording the river higher up.

The contest now raged fiercely. All three attacks were hotly pressed, and the banks of the Zadura were fringed with fire. The French centre, dismayed by the King's order to retire, showed signs of wavering, but could not, from the proximity of the Allies, effect a regular retreat.

While the Seventh Division and Colville's brigade of the Third engaged the French right, Wellington performed his splendid diagonal movement across the front of both

for about two miles. Their object was to regain the main line of retreat towards Vittoria. Had this disorganized force been charged by cavalry the whole French position might have been rendered hopeless; no such advance was ordered, and the retreating force contrived to reform. Then began a tremendous running fight through vineyards, corn-land, and broken ground. The dust and smoke, it is recorded, filled all the basin and rolled away in clouds towards Vittoria.

At six o'clock the French took post on their last defence—a ridge a mile in front of Vittoria. Between them and the city lay a plain, beyond the city was another host, but not of combatants. The scene presented by that multitude beggared description. Men, women, and children struggled in frenzied terror along paths rendered almost impassable by thousands of vehicles. As the Allies' shot hurtled over them, the fugitives started and swerved convulsively and groaned in dismay. But for them and for the army there was no refuge, no turning back.

The French, however, still meant fighting. Reille, their last hope, still held the Upper Zadura. The armies of the South and centre drew together on the heights, and eighty pieces of artillery, served with frantic energy by their gunners, kept the Allies in check. For some time no advantage was gained by either side. The French Generals now began to draw off their infantry from the right, whereupon the Fourth Allied Division charged and carried the hill on the enemy's left. The heights were at once abandoned. Retreat by the great road was impossible. Joseph, therefore, directed a withdrawal towards Salvatierra, and the army, disordered but still compact, made off in that direction. The British infantry followed in hot pursuit. Their light cavalry galloped through the town to cut off the retreat, which shortly became a rout. The way led through a marsh. On each side of the road were deep drains. Obstructed by these difficulties and by the congested crowd of civilians, the French artillerymen could not make progress with their guns, which were at length abandoned on the edge of the morass. Cutting free the horses, the gunners and drivers fled; the rest of the soldiery forced a way through the multitude and made the best of their way to Salvatierra. Their cavalry behaved better, making some shift to cover the retreat, some of the horsemen taking up women and children on their saddles to bear them to a place of safety.

Near the bridge at Ariaga, to the north of Vittoria, Reille and Sarrut, with remnant of the French force, still continued to contest the passage of the river. At length, when Vittoria was reached by Wellington's forces, a company of horse rode out from that city and fell upon Sarrut's rear. Sarrut was killed at the bridge, but Reille contrived to rally his troops at Bretonia. Attacked now on three sides, from Ariaga, Durana, and Vittoria, Reille, nevertheless, managed to cut his way to Metacuro on the Salvatierra road, and covered the general retreat in fair order. The British pursued him closely, and were deterred from the chase neither by the resolute rallies of the French cavalry nor by the fall of night, until the enemy at length getting out of the reach of further injury.

The battle was now ended. The French numerical loss, it is true, was comparatively slight, but they lost all their equipages, all their guns, all treasure, stores, and papers. Officers and men alike, from the highest to the lowest, were reduced to absolute want, most had only the clothes they wore, many were barefooted. Trophies innumerable fell to the British, among which were Jourdan's baton, 143 brass cannon, and a great quantity of ammunition and treasure. In the matter of treasure there was wholesale misappropriation on the part of followers and non-combatants. But even officers were seen to fight with the mob for spoil. The papers of the French, which fell into the hands of the conquerors, showed that their military chest contained a vast sum, but of this not a single dollar found its way into the Allies' official exchequer. Wellington, enraged at this manifest peculation, appointed a commission of fifteen officers to inquire into the disappearance of the money, and issued the strictest orders for the searching of all mule trains and baggage convoys, but without practical result. It is said that the victors actually waded in gold and treasure. Obviously, there had been at the division of the spoil not a few persons like-minded with Charles Lever's "Major Monsoon."

The victory was decisive and complete. Night and the rugged ground alone aided the escape of the vanquished. Joseph Buonaparte, who had "passed over the Pyrenees as a monarch, now recrossed them as a fugitive, and the whole plunder of Spain was disgorged in a moment."



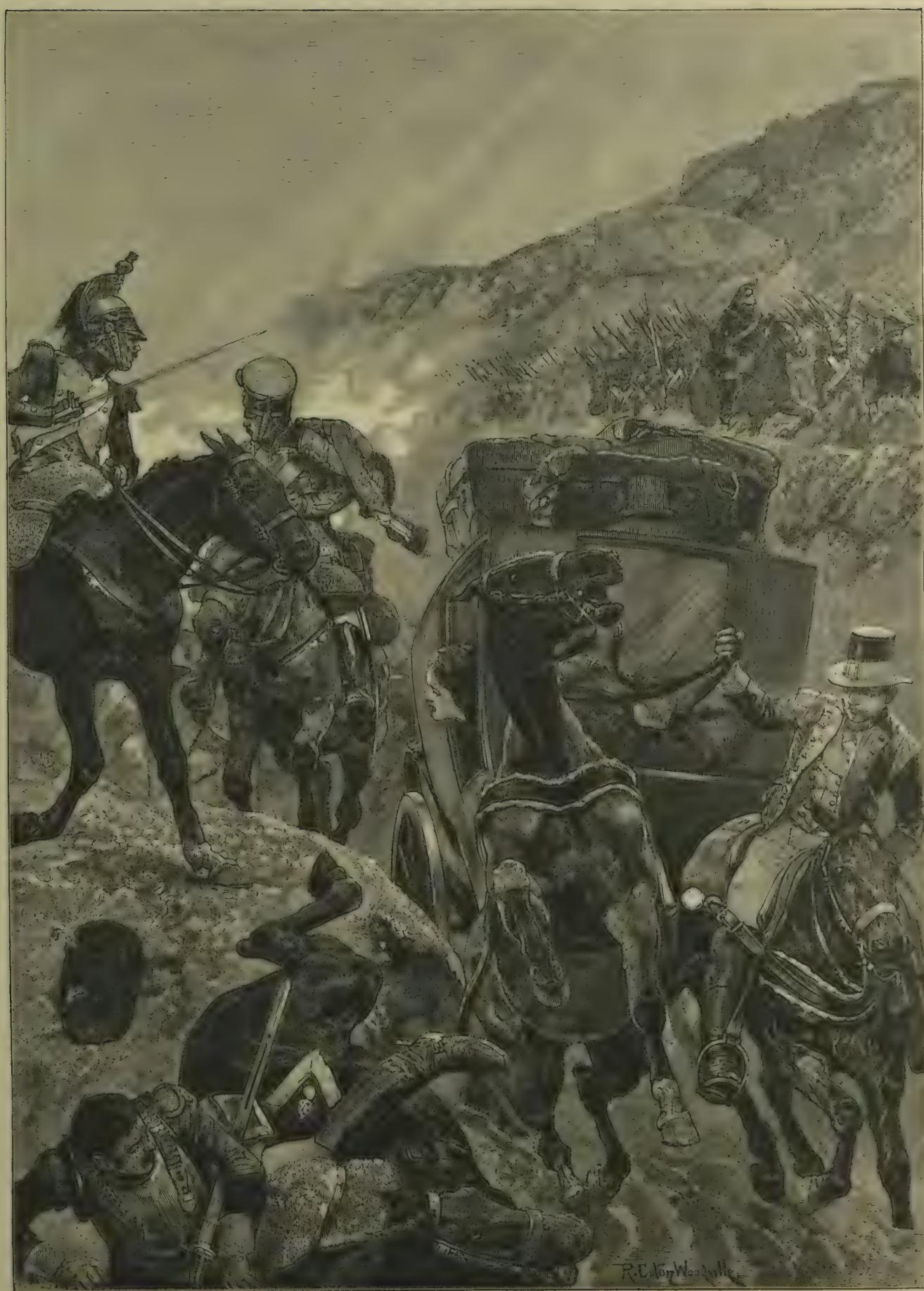
"I wish there would be a battle to-morrow, so that I could win a rosette for my bonnet."—SERGEANT DONALDSON'S "LIFE OF A SOLDIER."

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.A.

armies. Seeing that the village of Arinez, which lay exactly in the French centre, was left nearly defenceless by the withdrawal of Villatte's corps, Lord Wellington in person led Picton's division and the rest of the Third at a run towards Arinez. Simultaneously, General Cole, with the Fourth Division, came up from the bridge of Nancareas, which lay almost due west of Arinez, and the heavy cavalry took post in the plain between Cole's right and Hill's left, thus establishing a complete connection. The French, thus entrapped while preparing to retreat, threw out a tremendous number of skirmishers, and brought fifty pieces of artillery into play. Several British batteries crossed the Zadura and replied, and in a few moments the operations of the combatants were veiled in clouds of smoke and dust. Thus sheltered, the French gradually retired to the heights before Gomencha, a village some little way to the rear of Arinez, where reserves were posted. Arinez, however, did not yield without a struggle. On the line of the great road, the village was still in French hands. Into the village Picton's division plunged, and for a time a terrible conflict raged there. Vandeleur's Brigade was suffering severely from a flanking battery at the village of Margarita, and the 32nd, under Gibbs, with a brilliant rush drove off the French guns and captured that position. At length the Allies fought their way through Arinez, and emerged victorious on the other side.

Shortly thereafter the French troops at Subijana, on the allied right, were outflanked and fell back in disorder

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: NO. XIX.—VITTORIA.



THE FRENCH RETREAT AFTER THE BATTLE.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.A.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: No. XIX.—VITTORIA.



WELLINGTON LEADING THE THIRD DIVISION TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF ATTACK.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.A.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It is always a pleasing sign of the times to note the increasing interest which the educated laity take in subjects that but a few years ago were regarded as partaking solely of a professional and technical character. The "man in the street," for instance, is fairly well up in the details of Polar exploration. He has read Nansen's book, and feels deeply interested in Andrée's balloon voyage. His neighbour is not unfamiliar with the latest triumphs of German science, and I know at least two men who are ardent students of botany, a study antipodean in character to their ordinary professional avocations. These ideas are suggested to me by a perusal of a very interesting volume written by my friend Dr. Campbell Clark, and entitled "A Clinical Manual of Mental Diseases." The very title of the work is indicative of its technical character, and it is, in truth, a book which for the medical practitioner and student will possess a strong need of attraction. But it so happened the other day that I came upon a friend who, while awaiting my return, was deeply interested in my copy of this book, which he had picked up merely by way of occupying his waiting moments. I found him immersed in the subject of mental health, which forms one section of Dr. Clark's work, and he remarked to me that he had no idea a medical treatise could contain passages of such widespread interest to a mere layman like himself.

I pointed out that the subject of Dr. Clark's book was one which is, of all things else, many-sided; that it presents many phases which must interest the lay reader who desires to know something even of the boundary line often than one which separates normal life from the territory of the insane; and that the regulation of our mental health was, after all, as imperative a parental duty as the supervision of such physical details as the selection of our foods, or the ensuring that we had a constant supply of fresh air. If this view of matters be taken, there is no reason why any intelligent person may not be deeply instructed by attention to the sayings and experiences of experts in the domain of mental physiology. Dr. Mercier's book on "Sanity and Insanity" is one that may be perused with great profit: it is, indeed, written for the layman, and there are similarly parts of Dr. Clark's work which are fraught with lessons of the most supreme import to every thinking person. Of course, the hide-bound professional mind will not look with favour on this advocacy of the dissemination of physiological knowledge. I remember that when I noted the admirable remarks of Dr. Oliver on food and feeding in this column, a medical journal (of the second or third class order) had the impertinence to charge Dr. Oliver with seeking, and myself with giving him, "bold advertisement." Every review of a book would be open to a like egregiously silly charge; and if it comes to that, there are certain medical men who, while themselves protesting against "advertising" (which, of course, only means making known what you have to dispose of), are nevertheless best known to the public through the publication of a little popular treatise on this subject, or a big bulky volume on that health resort.

Of course nobody heeds these grandmotherly cautions and Dame Partington-like attempts to sweep back the tide of advancing knowledge. If some men had their will, the world would be left in the Middle Ages stage of culture. But the world moves despite the attempts of an absurd professional conservatism to stop its progress, and so one must welcome every attempt on the part of teachers to open up hitherto closed avenues of knowledge to the seeking mind. Turning to Dr. Clark's new book, I find, for instance, in his early pages, much sensible advice about holiday-making, which the laity should lay to heart. The necessity of the holiday, he urges, arises out of the mental strain and worry of present-day life, and he is very hard, and justly so, on the "aimless holiday." It is not mental rusting, but change of mental work, which is demanded when we are resting. The change is in itself rest, because faculties that are dormant every day are brought into play, and the exercised faculties are allowed time for recuperation and repair.

There is another chapter—that on "Mental Development"—in Dr. Clark's book I would have every parent to read. It is full of suggestive thought concerning the mental progress of children, and the causes that favour or retard it. Our author is very strong on the point that "slow" boys often grow up into brilliant men, and he shows what may be done in these latter days towards the training, into useful men and women, of the idiotic section of the feeble-minded. But where there is such wealth of observation and inference drawn from the experience of a busy expert in lunacy, it is unnecessary to particularise further passages in this useful book. I am rather intent on selecting it as an example of the new relations of professional studies to public culture. Here, in a domain highly technical in its nature, we find an educational interest—nay, more, a highly direct personal interest—which can be exceeded in importance by no other topic it can be the lot of the intelligent layman to study.

I caught a glimpse, and only a glimpse, the other day of the Franco-Scottish Society when it was engaged in conclave in the capital of the North. Very interesting is this amalgamation of interests French with Scottish literature and sociology. It is a historic-scientific study which takes us back to the days when France and Scotland were close allies, and when the inter-communication left its impress on even the common language of the Scot. When one goes to Paris one may make many a less interesting pilgrimage than that which leads the footsteps to the old Scots College. My friend Mr. J. Brander Math's paper on this subject, read at the Franco-Scottish Society meeting, was full of interest, and I am glad to know that Mr. Math's intends to embody the results of his long labours in connection with this subject in a volume, for which there should be a warm welcome in both lands.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
E. HARTWIG (Chemnitz, Saxony).—Many thanks for the games, which we hope to publish in due time.

C. W. (Camberley).—It to Q 2nd yields another solution to your problem.
C. E. D. (Kennington).—You would be right if 1. B to Q 6th were the solution; but you have overlooked one defence in both cases. There is something wrong in the type of the problem you inquire about, and we have destroyed the original diagram.

P. THILFETT (Oxon).—We fear you must study problem composition a long time before your efforts can find acceptance.

H. F. W. LANE.—When its turn comes.

ALPHA.—We believe the problem to be sound, especially as you have not suggested the first move.

W. B. MUR.—Your diagram has somehow got mislaid. Will you oblige us with another?

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2775 received from Nikhilmuth Mastry (Chunnambar); of No. 2778 from W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham), A. D. M. (Banbury), Hereward, Captain J. A. Challie (Great Yarmouth), T. C. D. (Dublin); W. R. B. (Clifton), R. Worts (Canterbury), John M. Moor (Boulogne); of No. 2779 from J. M. Forbes (Sidesup), Hereward, R. Worts (Canterbury), A. D. M. (Banbury), E. Londen, I. Hall, C. A. Hill (Liverpool), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), J. F. Moon, L. Shadwell, and John M. Robert (Crossgar, County Down).

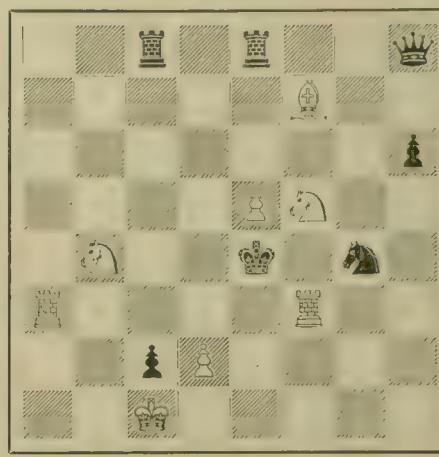
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2780 received from J. Bailey (Newark), F. Hooper (Putney), E. P. Villanyi, E. Loudon, F. Anderson, and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2770.—By H. D. O'BERNARD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 8th Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2782.—By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Game played between Messrs. Tschigorin and Saburoff on the one side, and Messrs. Alapin and Schieffers on the other.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (T. & S.)	BLACK (A. & S.)	WHITE (T. & S.)	BLACK (A. & S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Q to Kt 2nd	B takes P (ch)
2. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	18. K takes B	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	19. Kt to Q 4th	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	20. Kt to K 4th	P to Q 3rd (ch)
5. B to B 3rd	P to K 4th	21. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd (ch)
6. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. R to Q Kt 2nd	Q to B 2nd
7. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd	23. Kt to B 5th	P to B 3rd
8. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	24. Kt to K 4th	P to Q 3rd (ch)
9. P takes P	P takes P	25. K to K 4th	P to K 4th (ch)
10. R to Q sq		26. B to K 7th (ch)	K to B 5th
11. R to Q 5th		27. Q takes P	P to Q 3rd (ch)
12. B to Q Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	28. K takes B P	Kt to B 5th
13. B to R 3rd	Q to K 3rd	29. B takes R	R takes B
14. Q to K 2nd		30. Q to K 6th (ch)	Q to Q 2nd
15. Q to Kt 4th	Kt takes R	31. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	Kt takes Kt
16. P takes Kt	Q to R 4th	32. Kt takes Kt (ch)	K to B 2nd
17. P to K 4th	Kt takes R	33. K to K 4th	K to K 4th
18. P to K 4th	Q to R 3rd	34. K to K 4th	K to K 4th
19. P takes R		35. K to K 2nd	K to B 4th
20. P to K 4th		36. P to Kt 4th	P to K 4th
21. P to K 4th		27. P to K 3th	P to B 4th
22. R to K 5th		28. P to K 4th	P to B 5th
23. R to K 5th		29. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th
24. R to K 5th		30. P to K 5th	P to B 5th
25. R to K 5th		31. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
26. R to K 5th		32. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
27. R to K 5th		33. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
28. R to K 5th		34. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
29. R to K 5th		35. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
30. R to K 5th		36. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
31. R to K 5th		37. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
32. R to K 5th		38. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
33. R to K 5th		39. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
34. R to K 5th		40. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
35. R to K 5th		41. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
36. R to K 5th		42. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
37. R to K 5th		43. P to K 5th	P to K 5th

A proposal is on foot by the Metropolitan Chess Club of New York to raise a testimonial to Mr. S. Eintz, which, it is hoped, will be at once an expression of sympathy and a material benefit to one who has occupied a great position in the game.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. J. Trevor Still, who was for twenty-one years Vicar of Kean, a little parish just outside Cleydon, died recently. It came out that he had been received into the Church of Rome on the day preceding his death, and that a "Requiem" was celebrated for him at the Franciscan Friary, Cleydon. This has excited anger in a High Church paper, which says: "Twenty-one years' ministry as a Vicar of a parish, a few fleeting hours' membership of the Roman schism in this country—who can consider the two positions without misgiving? To add insult to injury the funeral took place on Monday last, in his old churchyard of Kean. What would his parishioners think?" The incident recalls the death-bed conversion to the Church of Rome of the Rev. R. S. Hawker, the eccentric Vicar of Morwenstow.

Mr. Richard Benyon, who as a builder and restorer of churches was almost, perhaps quite, without a rival, has passed away. Mr. Benyon did what he could to conceal his generosity, so that his name is not widely known, but his work will remain after him.

A collection is being made of the prayers, collects, hymns, and special forms of services composed or compiled by the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Rev. J. J. Lias, writing about Count Campello, says that his work is quite Catholic in its character. His liturgy has been submitted to the Bishop of Salisbury for approval, and his whole work is under the supervision of the Bishop of Salisbury. Count Campello has thirteen stations and six priests. He was at one time Canon of St. Peter's, with an income equal to that enjoyed by the Canons of St. Paul's, and had a reasonable prospect of becoming a Cardinal.

Mr. Mandeville B. Phillips, who was private secretary to Archbishop Benson, has been appointed secretary to the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation. There has been an apparent tendency to hush up the scandal in this case, and it is not the first Church scandal that has been hushed up. It will be best, for the sake of the society and the clergy, that the facts should frankly be made known.

The Bishop of Rochester is to spend August in his Cathedral city, and make it to a large extent a month of relief from ordinary work for reading and family life. He proceeds subsequently to America for a sojourn of about two months.

The Bishop of South Tokyo (Dr. Bickersteth) has not been well, and is ordered to spend next winter in a warm climate. The doctors give him every hope of ultimately returning to the work of his diocese.

"Hymns, Ancient and Modern" have been substituted in Canterbury Cathedral for Church hymns—a somewhat significant change.

Dr. Clifford Allbutt has been lecturing to the clergy at Cambridge on their duty in regard to health. He advises both feast-days and fast-days. Undue attention to physical health tended to heathenism, and was an evil. Dr. Allbutt deprecated total abstinence, though he considered a man better without stimulants till the evening meal. Without stimulants the tired man eats his meal in silence, goes early to bed, with his food half digested, sleeps badly, wakes out of sorts, and eats a poor breakfast. Young persons should not be encouraged to a too detailed self-examination, which might lead to morbid introspection and religious melancholia. They should be encouraged to look forward rather than back, with hope and purpose of amendment. The Professor said that he had no experience of clergy themselves meddling outside their own province, but parish visitors often did; so he hoped the clergy would either visit the sick themselves or at least warn their helpers.

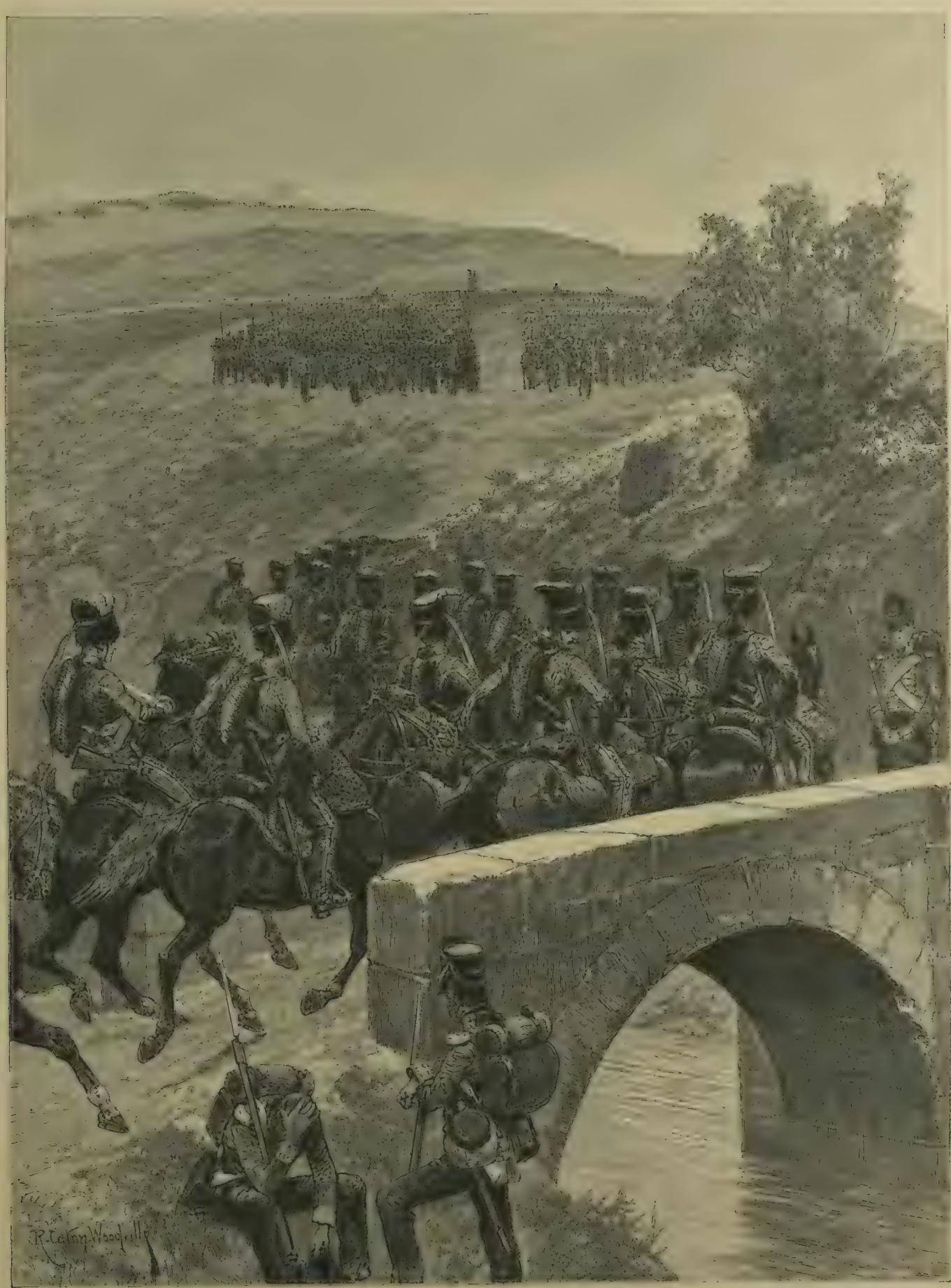
At the summer meeting at Oxford, the Bishop of Ripon, Mr. Leonard Courtney, and Mr. Augustino Birrell will speak. The theological lectures are by Canon Scott Holland and the Rev. T. B. Strong.

At the recent gathering of the Home Reunion Society several prominent Nonconformists attended. Among these was Mr. Price Hughes, who gave statistics which, in his opinion, proved the numerical superiority of Nonconformity. The Bishop of Truro, who took a leading part, has advised his clergy not to appear on public platforms along with Nonconformist ministers.

The late Mr. A. J. Mundella, who was once Vice-President of the Council of Education, in spite of his strong sympathies for School Boards, was a sincere and attached Churchman, and, on the whole, worked amicably with Churchmen.

It is surprising that no member of the "White Rose League" or some kindred society has allowed the sale of St. Michael's, Wood Street, for secular purposes to pass without protest. According to an old legend, the head of James IV. of Scotland, who was killed at Flodden Field, was, after various vicissitudes, buried here. Stowe, the historian, saw the body "lapped in lead" in a waste room of the monastery at Sheen, and he gives the further information, as of his own knowledge, that the head was "hewed off" by some workmen out of pure mischief. It was then brought, so runs the story, by Launcelot Young, master glazier to the King, to his house in Wood Street, and subsequently buried in St. Michael's Church. As, however, the original church was almost in the middle of burning London, even the vaults would scarcely have escaped unscathed, and it would be unwise now to apply for a search-warrant for the fallen monarch's head. The church, which was rebuilt by Wren, not one of his most successful efforts, suffered much from the loss of its original steeple and other renovations, so that its final removal is not to be lamented.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: No. XIX.—VITTORIA.



THE 15th HUSSARS CROSSING THE BRIDGE OF TRES PUENIES IN THE REAR OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

THE NEW EL DORADO.

SOME PICTURES OF THE COUNTRY.

No news has excited more interest in recent years than that telling of great gold discoveries in the North-West Territories of Canada. People with grey hair will recall the thrill which went round the world half a century ago upon like news from California and Australia. In the interval many things have happened, but the word "gold" has lost none of its magic and magnetism. Our information about the surface of the globe is now so complete that some folks had come to say, "No, we are not likely again to have the individual miner, with his spade and his red shirt, starting out to win a fortune. He means placer-mining—California and Australia over again—while in reality machinery and much capital, as on the Rand, have come to represent the present time quest for gold."

Well, Klondike has spoken, and in emphatic contradiction to the above. Verily its speech has been golden. There appears to be no doubt whatever that away up in that northern corner of the American continent Nature has bred a wonderfully rich harvest of gold. She has a trick of guarding her treasures in such ways that man may only come after them by means of much toil. They may be down in the bowels of the earth, with never a hint above that they lie below, never a hint until somebody stumbles into a hole or over a bank of stones, and so makes discovery. The sentinel, again, may be a climate of broiling sun and killing fever—like New Guinea; but never surely has Nature shown a sterner fortress than at this Arctic El Dorado.

Pictures of the Yukon country in the summer show it with a smiling face, but behind there lies the frowning countenance of a nine-month winter. Supposing you were to start now for Klondike, you would just get there in time to welcome the winter. That point has been emphasised to every caller at the Canadian Office here, and the Colonial Office has also laid stress upon it. "Don't think of going to the gold-fields," is the advice given by the authorities, "unless you are adapted to the work and



ON UPPER PELLY RIVER, NINETEEN MILES ABOVE MACMILLAN.

begins at Juneau City, and leads across the Chilkoot and White Passes to the head waters of the Lewes, then down that stream to the Pelly. By next summer the latter route,

important tributaries of the Yukon join it during its course in Canada. These include the Stewart, the Macmillan, the Upper Pelly, the Lewes, the White River, and the Klondike, also identified as the Reindeer River. Forty Mile Creek, of which something has been heard, seems to be cut by the 141st meridian. The Klondike area is well within the Canadian side of the line, while Lake Lindeman, again, is away down towards the Chilkoot Pass, that is towards Juneau City. Now, the whole Yukon country—the thousands of square miles washed by the Canadian portion of the river and its tributaries—has been known as gold-bearing for a long time, although the full radiance of its wealth has only just burst upon us. The natives must always have been aware of the presence of gold, but to them it did not signify what it signifies to a higher civilisation. It is thought to have been in 1878 that the first gold-prospector—a man setting himself sternly to the inquiry—rang his pick upon the hard soil of these high latitudes. He did not ring it and fail to get an answer, and in subsequent years small parties of miners found their way north. A sort of mining population—scattered, not very numerous, but still a fringe—gathered, and one discovery of gold followed another. Placer mining had come to stay, and soon a detachment of the North-West Mounted Police appeared to represent law and order. A fort was built at the mouth of Forty Mile Creek, and there it stands, the Union Jack, we may be sure, flying over it. Fort Cudahy, Dawson City, the Klondike River—in these three names we find guidance to the most active centre of the gold-fields.

At the beginning of this year the Klondike had come to the front, and was attracting the miners from all the neighbouring creeks. Labour could scarcely be hired, every man preferring to gamble in a claim of his own, although wages at the rate of a dollar and a half an hour could be had. There are instances of miners who fell on "paying gravel"—paying gravel with a vengeance. In El Dorado Creek—the name was apt surely—three pans on different claims yielded severally \$204, \$212, and \$216. That is to say, the men got single hauls each worth in English money more than £40. True, it was exceptional luck, but it showed what auriferous wealth the soil contained. More recently the "finds" have been simply wonderful. The fairy tales about them have turned all eyes to the far North-West.



LAKE LINDEMAN, VIEWED FROM ITS OUTLET.

the trials which you will encounter. Don't go if you have not money adequate to meet the demands of the venture—high rates of transportation, provisions at ransom prices, and so on. Finally, don't in any case set out until next April, which means that you will get to the gold-fields by June, the beginning of the three months' Arctic summer."

Those are the counsels which are being offered to men who seriously think of trying their luck in the North-West. Already, however, there has been a tremendous rush from the Pacific coast, and it is to be hoped that the El Dorado may not prove a graveyard to many when the full rigours of the Arctic circle set in. It looks as if there is to be a keen competition between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family in the development of the gold-fields. So far, the richest "finds" have been made in Canadian territory, but it is taken for granted that there must also be plenty of auriferous country in Alaska. It, of course, belongs to America, having been acquired from Russia. The boundary lies by the 141st meridian—a happy fact, since it obviates any chance of dispute—but along the coast there is a strip of territory which will have to be settled by delimitation. In size the Yukon district may be likened to France, and the Yukon River is at least two thousand miles long. It passes from Canada into Alaska at a point in its flow sixteen hundred miles from the sea.

One of the matters which Mr. Dawson, the head of the Canadian Government expedition, had to determine was the precise spot where the Yukon—or the Pelly, as it is also called—passed from Canadian into American territory. Photographs which he took during the expedition are here reproduced from the official survey, as affording us the best idea of the nature of the region. It is mountainous in character, but in many parts it is merely hilly, or rolling, and there are any number of wide valleys. The most mountainous part is the south-east, for as the traveller proceeds north-west the mountains get more isolated. Taken altogether, it is a difficult country, quite apart from the climate, and the two routes to it are both very trying. One is by steamer along the American coast to the mouth of the Yukon, and then up the river. The other really



DRIFT BLUFF, UPPER PELLY RIVER, AT THE MOUTH OF LAPIE RIVER.

The Parisian Diamond Company.



NEW PREMISES: 143, REGENT STREET (OPPOSITE LIBERTY'S, CHESHAM HOUSE).

So I mused as I wended my way to inspect the new premises of the Parisian Diamond Company. This is a levelling age, and what a duchess might wear is not beyond our dreams, for none can detect the stones in their perfect real diamond mounts set *à jour*—but of this more anon. For the present, reader mine, let me take you by the hand into the temple of diamonds—for this is not a shop—or rather it is the shop of the future, when Industry will have wedded Art. The sense of beauty is not given to all, but the greatest Vandals feel its power. To the impressionable high-strung nature of woman beauty is a very joy, and we drink in with a deep sigh of satisfaction every delicious detail that tells of care and exquisite taste expended not in vain, but for the ministration of our higher comforts. Parisian diamonds and "Orient" pearls therefore hold their revels in a perfect *musée*, where the glittering treasures repose on the pale pink satin of rounded glass cases as a dewdrop sleeps secure in the heart of a rose. No squares or angles offend the eye. The ceiling, painted by a clever artist (Conrad), is a gem in itself, and would alone repay a visit. The counters also are decorated in subdued tones of black and gold, with trusses in the shape of carved dull ebony cupids with outspread sable wings, that revive souvenirs of Bouchers's *amours*. The premises are large enough to allow ample scope for the display of a lovely Louis-Seize suite upholstered in soft coppery tints of *vieux-rose* silk damask;

the carpet blends harmoniously with the *tout ensemble*, which does infinite credit to the manager, whose true artistic taste is only equalled by his modesty. The perfection attained in the electric fittings cannot be passed over. The lights droop like fiery tears from copper lilies with bronze-green foliage held by statues on pedestals of ebony. The first of these, "La Jeunesse," is a poem in bronze, signed Moreau; "Fleur des Glaciers," by Caussé, is lightly clad for her quest of the Edelweiss—but Spirits of the Snow are supposed to have no feeling. "Fleur des Champs," by the same artist, is another of those bronze Grâces whose elegant silhouettes serve to enhance the merit of the most artistically beautiful shop in London.—*St. James's Budget*, June 4, 1897.

Of the "Orient" Pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company I must make special mention. These pearls are an absolute triumph of art, and when placed side by side with the precious gems for which the diver risks his life, it is a matter of impossibility for even an expert to discriminate as to which are the real; and yet a range of these "Orient" Pearls may be acquired for a few pounds, whilst their facsimiles in the real may represent a fortune.—Extract from the *Queen*.

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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Already rumours are reaching London of the coming autumn fashions, and the distinguishing feature of the season is reported to be appliqués of lace and embroidery upon cloth and velvet. Chenille embroidery is also to be used very much, and we are not to abandon our taste entirely for jewels and sequins. Again, I am told that the bolero is to continue in favour, and that the pouched bodice will remain the idol of fashion. Brocaded velvet is to have a chance of recognition, and the frisé description of this is being prepared in most wonderful designs. There is always a great deal of black worn in the autumn, and this will share most of the honours with dark blue and a cedar tone of drab. Again, there are whispers that the Princess's make of dress is to be adopted once more, but I have heard this so often that I am chary of believing it. However, on the slim figure it is a decidedly becoming style of dress, and if it be true that velvet is to be so much worn, it offers itself as a particularly attractive and economical manner of obeying such mandate.

The best hats prepared for the end of the summer are of black clip for the most part, and invariably trimmed with black ostrich feathers. They wear the feather bows abroad with even greater enthusiasm than we do here, and the white cotton dresses, which put in their appearance at Dieppe this week, are completed round the neck with a small white feather ruffle. Linen and drill and piqué are very popular abroad, and the finest muslin and tucks and embroidery play their decorative parts on shirts and fronts. That little

A rival to the flannel or the cashmere shirt is the shirt of surah, and one of the prettiest models I have met in surah I saw this week, set into groups of triple tucks; this pouched over the belt back and front, fastened down one side, and opened at the neck with revers edged with an infinitesimally kilted white muslin frill, while round the neck was a tie of muslin, the tucked ends showing again the kilted frill. The sleeves were marvels of industry, the top portion being elaborately tucked, and the wrist again showing the same decoration, and all these tucks were run by hand; indeed, it is quite impossible to achieve a successful tuck in soft silk under the influence of the sewing-machine. What a season this has been for tucks! No material has been safe from their intrusion, and one of the best models of ready-made blouses is of glaceé, tucked all over at quarter-inch intervals—these are done by machine, glaceé lending itself to such manipulation—the neck turning over with a single revers of white watered silk, a fabric which also put in its appearance at the wrist, and again formed tabs over the collarband, beneath which was tied a bow of black soft silk tie is a very valuable possession to-day, and much worn with the ordinary cambric shirt; in connection with the white turn-down linen collar it bestows a certain *chic* upon the most ordinary of coat and skirt costumes. It needs to be well tied; but then, if it is bought of really good quality, it will achieve its proper destination under even inexpert fingers.

But to the two Illustrations: The one is of a gown of batiste in an ivory tone, trimmed with an appliquéd black lace flowers, a style that has been very much in favour, the tucked sleeves and yoke being of fine chiffon; the other is of a linen gown, with insertions of Maltese lace and a glaceé yoke and belt.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Her Majesty has given the very liberal donation of two thousand pounds to Owens College, Manchester, towards the expenses of providing special accommodation for women students. Women are admitted to all the classes, except the medical ones, on equal terms with men, but their comfort and convenience are not provided for in like measure, and the Queen's donation to provide them with dining-rooms and other comforts should stimulate some of the rich citizens of that wealthy city to supply the deficient funds. Naturally the royal gift is bestowed in the quality of "Duchess of Lancaster."

Perhaps it is because education is taken seriously in Scotland, not to be in the fashion or to make rich acquaintances, but as a means of earning bread and perhaps fame, that the Scotch Universities have been kind to women students: recognising that since our institutions do not allow of the infanticide of girl babies, and our customs do not include pensions for spinsters, the "surplus" woman must in fairness be allowed to provide a living as best she can for herself. The very first University in the United Kingdom to open its doors to women was that of Edinburgh; and though the promised medical degrees were not given, because the Law Courts decided that it was out of the power of the Senatus to admit women to degrees on the then charter, the record of the consent remains to the good. St. Andrews has the distinction of being the first to open its prizes and bursaries to either sex impartially. Aberdeen seized the only opportunity left, and was the first to bestow a degree, "honoris causa," on a learned and distinguished woman. Two years ago that University gave the degree of Doctor of Laws to Miss Jane Harrison, the Greek scholar and authority on Greek vases. St. Andrews has now followed suit in conferring the same degree on Miss Eugenie Sellars, who is also a Greek scholar and author of a commentary on Pliny's "Natural History."

These honorary degrees to women are the first of modern times; but is it possible that Oxford in earlier ages was more liberal than it is to-day in this respect? At any rate, I notice in one of Horace Walpole's letters quoted in Mr. Austin Dobson's "Four French Women" (the date of the epistle being July 22, 1785) that the owner of Strawberry Hill tells how an appointment made by him with Madame de Genlis to see that house had had to be postponed in consequence of "a message that she must go to Oxford and take her Doctor's degree."

Lady Henry Somerset has resigned the position of President of the British Women's Temperance Association, the feeling aroused amongst its members by her letter to Lord George Hamilton on the health of the army in India, published in the *Times* of April 21, having proved so strong that she found it necessary thus to seek an expression of confidence renewed. Lady Henry, one would suppose, must have foreseen this deep dissatisfaction, for the members of her Association are just the women whose interest in public affairs is based on their desire to uphold their moral standard for the community. However, her executive re-elected her by a large majority, expressing their unabated confidence in her as a *temperance* leader, and setting the other matter aside.



A BATISTE GOWN.

coat which is possessed of a basque, and overhangs a belt, must have been made by its hundreds this year: there is no material in which I have not personally encountered it, and remarkably nice it looks in white linen with the small revers of Irish crochet displaying a front of accordions-kilted lisse tied into a small bow at the neck. Round the waist is a belt of gold galloon, and the skirt is perfectly plain, while the suitable hat is of the ordinary sailor shape with a scroll of white silk gauze elaborately draped round the crown to form a resting place for a monstrosity white bird. The costume is completed with a pair of white shoes and white silk stockings, and a parasol of pale blue.

Anyone in want of a shirt which is decorative for wearing on the cold mornings at the seaside may be advised to seek a thin flannel in a pale colour—heliotrope, for instance—and have it decorated with an appliquéd of fine lace patterns, completed at the neck with a muslin necktie, also boasting a lace appliquéd—treating the flannel, indeed, as the French people do a very fine batiste, the most attractive pattern for the appliquéd being the white lace butterfly. A very fine cashmere will also make shirts of this description, and they may be recommended most cordially to the attention of the athletic young woman to whom the coat is a cumbersome burden. Take, for instance, a heliotrope flannel or cashmere shirt, and wear it with a good blue serge skirt and a heliotrope sailor hat trimmed with a white net black spotted and a black bird or wing at the side. The effect will be quite smart, and yet the costume will make for comfort. The blue skirt should be lined with mauve glaceé, and the same material should have the privilege of making the knickerbockers, these being an indispensable complement to the costume for the athlete. Be her hobby golf, or bicycling, or tennis, she will find the dual under-wear supremely convenient.

The Duchess of Sutherland held a sale on the terrace in the garden of Stafford House of the tweeds made for the



A LINEN COSTUME.

Scottish Highland and Island Crofters' Association. The object of the society is to buy homespun cloths direct from the cottage weavers, and save them from the extortion that middlemen practise. The tweeds proved to be so fine in texture and choice in colouring that the Duchess had some difficulty in saving a few pieces for the choice of the Prince of Wales, who not only attended and purchased cloth, but actually came wearing a suit made of material that his Royal Highness had previously bought from the society.

Modern improvements are as conspicuous in the carriages in which King Baby goes forth to take the air as in most other details of life. Messrs. Hitching, Limited, have two great show-rooms at 198, Oxford Street, devoted to baby-carriages of the latest fashion, and replete, too, with patent and exclusive devices, and the improvement over the heavy and ungainly "perambulator" of earlier days is striking. This firm make the baby-carriages for the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Fife, and many foreign Princes, among them our latest royal visitor, the King of Siam. Fine wicker or rattan make the body of several of the best carriages for the little ones, the leather cloth lining in some pretty shade (cream or pale blue, for instance) being visible through the interstices, as seen in the Illustration of the "double Biarritz car." There are bicycle wheels to these cars, and G springs like those of the best carriages; and they are supplied with both a leather hood for winter (adjustable



HITCHING'S "BIARRITZ" BABY-CAR.

to any angle at a touch by a patent spring) and a silk and befringed parasol for summer. The cars are made with cushions and supports for a baby to lie down, which can be easily adjusted to allow two to sit, or for one to lie and one to sit; or, finally, the "single car" is for one child alone to sit up. These "baby cars" represent the high-water mark of their kind, and are quite fascinating to the motherly eye.

F. F.-M.



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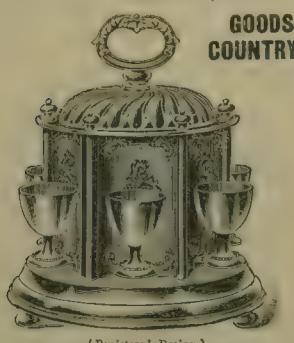


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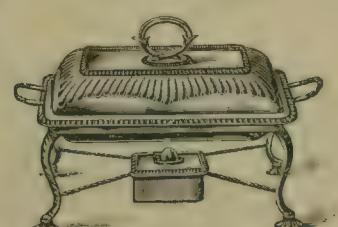
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A NOVELTY IN
SAILS.

Our Illustration shows a boat sailing with a Cyclone sail. This boat has been very conspicuous at Cowes and in the Solent during the past week, and is chiefly interesting in that she is the first vessel in which quite an old idea has been worked out in a practical way. The chief feature of the Cyclone sail, which is practically a large umbrella, is that the wind pressure on it has no effect whatever to incline the boat. Roughly speaking, the pull of the sail is at right angles to its mean surface, that is to say, in the direction of the mast. In other words, it may be described as a kite held by a rigid string. If the mast were stepped quite on the lee side of the boat, it is evident that the sail would lift the lee side and so list the boat to windward; and if the mast were stepped on the weather side, lifting the weather side of the boat, it would necessarily list the boat to leeward. It follows then that there is some certain point which happens to be slightly on the lee side of the centre line at which, if the mast is stepped, there will be no tendency for the wind to career the boat at all. When actually sailing in the boat, the only way in which one is aware of a puff of wind is by noticing that the boat travels faster, and experiencing a slight sensation similar to that coming from the acceleration of the engines in a steamer.

For sailing with the wind in different directions to the boat the whole mast and sail are rotated by means of a turn-table to which the mast is attached, and the mast is elevated and lowered by means of two tackles. There is also a balance-weight which helps to elevate the mast and balance its dead weight.

Experiments with the Cyclone sail are being made by Mr. P. S. Pilcher, of 75, Victoria Street, S.W., and Mr.



THE NEW "CYCLONE" SAIL.

Photo West and Son, Southsea.

W. G. Wilson, of Blackrock, County Dublin, who hope soon to make arrangements for placing smaller sails of the same type on the market, for use in skiffs, yachts, boats and canoes. The sail in the Illustration measures thirty feet horizontally and sixteen feet up and down. The boat is seventeen feet on the water line. She is an old boat which Mr. Wilson has had for several years, and in no way designed to carry the sail. With an ordinary rig 200 square feet of canvas was rather too much for the boat, but she is able to carry this sail with 360 square feet, and consequently sails much faster. A new light boat specially adapted to it is now being built by Messrs. Thornycroft of Chiswick, for Mr. G. Selwyn Edwards, of Newbury, who is interested in its development.

to William Daine; and bequests to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated July 17, 1894), with a codicil (dated June 10, 1895), of Mr. Frederick Augustus Du Croz, J.P., of Courtlands, East Grinstead, Sussex, and 52, Lombard Street, who died on May 28, was proved on July 24 by Mrs. Margaret Du Croz, the widow, Charles Grant Du Croz, the son, and Gervase Edwin Du Croz, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £199,047. The testator gives £1000 and his pictures, plate, furniture, carriages and horses to his wife; £500 to his nephew, Gervase Edwin Du Croz; and £3000, upon trust, for his daughter, Ella Maud Du Croz. He devises Courtlands and

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WILLS

AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 4, 1895) of Mr. George Rennie, of 7, Hyde Park Place, Hyde Park, who died on June 3, was proved on July 17 by Mrs. Hannah Maria Rennie, the widow, Captain John Henry Wyndham Rennie, the nephew, Herbert Simpson Daine, and Robert Crawford Antrobus, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £279,072. The testator gives £1000, his household furniture, plate, pictures, etc., an annuity of £4500, and the use, for life, of his freehold premises, 7, Hyde Park Place, to his wife, and he directs his executors to expend £2500 in the repair and decoration of the said premises; £300 to his nephew, John Henry Wyndham Rennie, and £100 to his wife; £500 to Robert Crawford Antrobus; £1500 to Herbert Simpson Daine; £1000 each to the Rev. William Ralph Daine and Alfred Daine; £750 to John James Daine; £500 each to Mrs. Watson and Bertha Daine; £500 each to Walter Daine and James McCubbin Daine; £100

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all other his real estate to his son Charles Grant Du Croz. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death to his children, Charles Grant Du Croz, Mrs. Annie Louisa Henley, Mrs. Isabel Beatrice Turner, and Mrs. Emily Violet Coghlan White, the share of his son to be double that of his daughters. He states that he has already made provision for his son Percy Francis Du Croz.

The will (dated July 30, 1894) of the Right Hon. Lord Charles William Brudenell-Bruce, P.C., of 24, Carlton House Terrace, M.P., for North Wilts 1865-71 and Marlborough 1878-85, who died on April 16, was proved on July 24 by Lady Augusta Georgiana Sophia Brudenell-Bruce, the widow, and Henry Frederick Nicholl, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £151,879. The testator bequeaths £40,000, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease he gives three eighths thereof to his cousin Mrs. Matilda Jane Hare; three eighths to his cousin Emma Maria, Lady Forester; one eighth, upon trust, for his cousin Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Neuburger for life and then upon the same trusts as the remaining one eighth; and one eighth upon trust for his cousin Algernon Seymour Tollemache for life, and then to his son Algernon Montrion Tollemache. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1891), with a codicil (dated June 3, 1896), of Mr. John Ramsbottom, of Alderley Edge, Chester, who died on May 20, was proved on July 21 by John Goodfellow Ramsbottom and George Holt Ramsbottom, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £133,765. The testator gives £300 and his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Ramsbottom; £1000 to his sister, Anne Lister;



SPOILS FROM BENIN.

We recently published Illustrations of the Benin relics placed in the Horniman Free Museum at Forest Hill, and are enabled by the courtesy of Mr. Matthew Hale to reproduce some further specimens now in his possession. These are thought to be symbolic objects connected with the hideous sacrificial rites of Benin, and are of especial interest owing to the strong traces of Egyptian influence in their workmanship, testifying to a civilisation far older than the Portuguese colonisation of the country three centuries ago.

£6450, upon trust, for his son, William Henry; and £36,000, upon trust, for his three daughters. A sum of £20,000, to be reduced to £5000 on her remarriage, is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and subject thereto to his five children. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons, John Goodfellow Ramsbottom and George Holt Ramsbottom.

The will (dated Oct. 7, 1887), with a codicil (dated July 19, 1894), of Mr. Walter Barron, of Taplow House, Bucks, and formerly of 4, Cleveland Square, and Sefton Park, near Slough, who died on June 9, was proved on July 24 by Mrs. Alice Maud Marguerite Barron, the widow, and Bayly Nash Akroyd, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £29,466. The

testator gives £50 to Bayly Nash Akroyd; £100 each to his children; £5000 each to his sons; £500 and his household furniture to his wife; and if in his employ at the time of his death, £200 to his clerk, Archibald White, and £100 to his bailiff, Thomas Hawkins. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and at her death or remarriage to all his children, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1896) of Mr. John William Smith, of 3, Queen's Gate, Hyde Park, and 139, Marine Parade, Brighton who died on June 1, was proved on July 21 by Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, the widow, William Henry Alexander, and William Joseph Homewood, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £18,797. The testator gives £50 to the Gravesend Hospital; £50 each to his stepdaughter Flora Haig and his sister-in-law Mrs. Gaines; £50, and his furniture, pictures, plates, carriages and horses, to his wife; £119 19s. each to William Henry Alexander and William Joseph Homewood; and many

small bequests to friends and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one moiety each, upon trust, for his sons.

The will (dated June 18, 1889), with a codicil (dated Dec. 14, 1893), of the Very Rev. Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., formerly Head Master of Rugby School, and afterwards Dean of Norwich, late of 12, Calverley Park Gardens, Tunbridge Wells, who died on May 2, was proved on July 23 by Mrs. Julia Goulburn, the widow, the Rev. Frederick William Cartwright, the Rev. Berdmore Compton, and Philip Cartwright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,170. The testator bequeaths his edition of the Fathers: the "Ecclesiastical History of Baronius," given to him by the congregation of

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New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires & 27 Brilliant, £5 5s.

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New Diamond Pike Scarf-Pin, Head and Fins enamelled true to nature, £4 15s. Perch, Salmon, Salmon-Trout, and Trout, same price.

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The New Fashionable Kismet or Fate Heart Locket, as worn by Miss Elsie Lowe, Large Size, £10 15s. Medium Size, £8 15s. Small Size, £6 15s. 15-crt. £2 17s. 6d. 15-crt. £2 10s. 18-crt. £2 8s.

Choice Brilliant Half-Hoop Bracelet, £6 5s.

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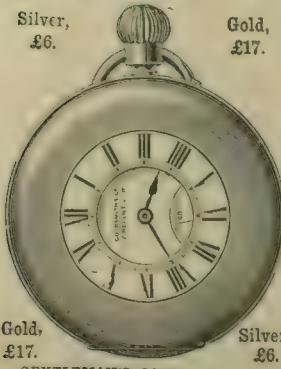
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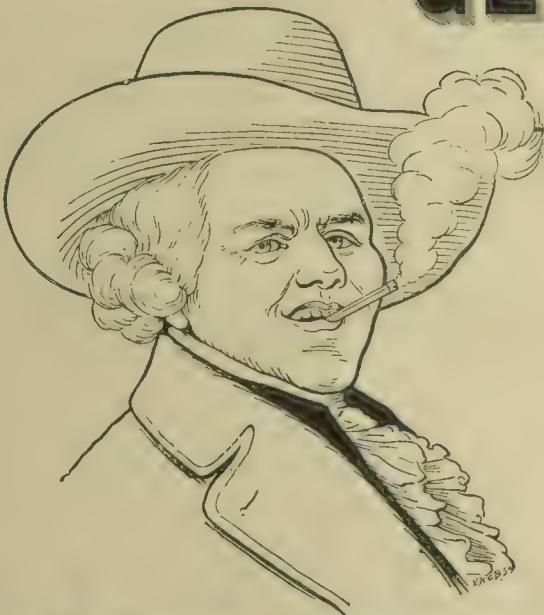
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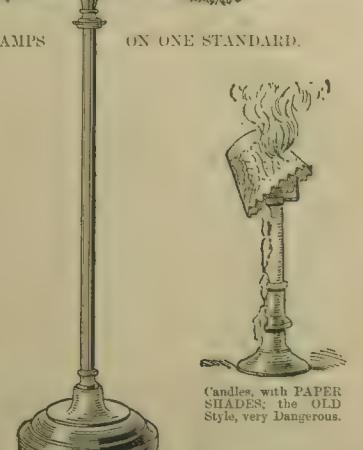
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St. John's Church, Paddington, the Chrysostom given to him by the masters of Rugby School, and Du Cagno's "Glossary," in seven quarto volumes, to the Chapter Library of Norwich, on condition that the inscriptions in the first three are not obliterated; and the money standing to his credit at the Burlington Street Branch of the Bank of England, as to one moiety to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and as to the other moiety to the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates in populous places. He gives and devises Leydenburgh House, The Drive, West Brighton, to his wife; and he further bequeaths his plate, presentation clock, and Norwich testimonial to his wife, for life; and at her death the presentation plate, clock, and Norwich testimonial to his godson, Captain Henry Goulburn, to be preserved as heirlooms in the family; and the remainder of his plate to Mrs. Augusta Emma Thomas. All his furniture and effects not otherwise bequeathed, the copyright of his books and literary works, and £1000 he gives to his wife; and there are legacies to servants and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death several additional legacies are to be paid. As to the ultimate residue of his property, one third is to be paid to Mrs. Augusta Emma Thomas, and two thirds are to be held, upon trust, for her for life, and then for her issue as she shall appoint.

The will of the Right Hon. Sir Walter Frederic Crofton, C.B., P.C., of Oxford and the Reform Club, who

died on June 23, has been proved by Dame Anna Maria Crofton, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £3526.

The will of Mr. John Scarlett Campbell, late Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab, of 1, Queen's Gate Place, S.W., who died on May 18, was proved on July 22 by Mrs. Florence Mary Scarlett Campbell, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £6784.

The will of General Augustus Halifax Ferryman, C.B., of Winterbourne, Leckhampton, Gloucester, who died on June 10, was proved on July 20 by Mrs. Sarah Caroline Ferryman, the widow, and Miss Ella Frances Ferryman, the daughter, the executrices, the value of the personal estate being £414.

ART NOTES.

A combined exhibition of the works of Messrs. Linley Sambourne, Hugh Thomson, and Charles Sainton would at first sight seem lacking the grace of congruity. The Fine Art Society's Gallery, however, has the habit of putting the best face upon its supporters' work, and the result is not wholly unpleasing. Mr. Linley Sambourne, after Sir John Tenniel, occupies the first place among political caricaturists of the day; and his work, always careful, is sometimes effective. It is chiefly wanting in the sense of spontaneity. The elaboration of a statesman's waistcoat or the minute rendering of a potentate's uniform

does not add point or weight to the intended satire; and Mr. Sambourne's chief danger lurks in this, that with him details are of such importance that his meaning is, if not obscured, at least overlaid. If he were a less skilful draughtsman or a less conscientious worker, his caricature would be ten times more telling and popular.

Mr. Hugh Thomson works in a different groove, and his illustrations to Miss Austen's novels, although wanting the sympathy he displayed in his "Cranford," are worthy of the books to which they relate. He has caught fairly well the stiff but not always stately, grace of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers. In the pages of the novelist, Mr. Knightley and Mrs. Weston, Mr. Ferrars and Mrs. Dashwood have a certain family resemblance which the artist has done well not to disturb, and it is chiefly in those sketches where horses can be introduced that Mr. Thomson shows his full strength and powers. It may not surprise lovers of Jane Austen to find Mr. Thomson more delightfully successful when illustrating Mr. Austin Dobson's "Rosina" than when dealing with the author of "Emma" and "Pride and Prejudice." It proves that even when picturing a bygone time, the writer and the artist standing at the same distance are better able to form their respective views than when one is separated from the other by three-quarters of a century.

Mr. Charles Sainton's "Fancies" well deserve the name—for they scarcely deal with corporeal forms, but

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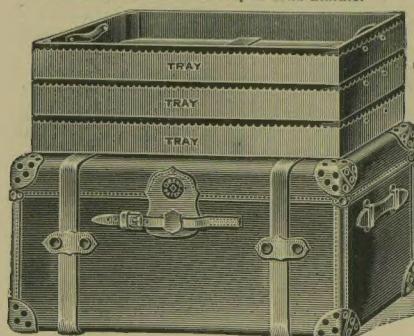
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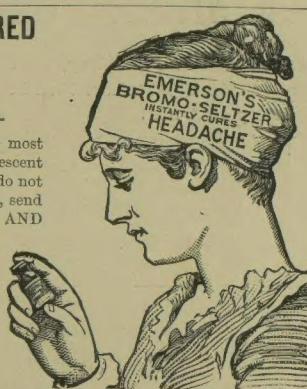
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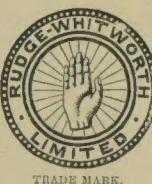
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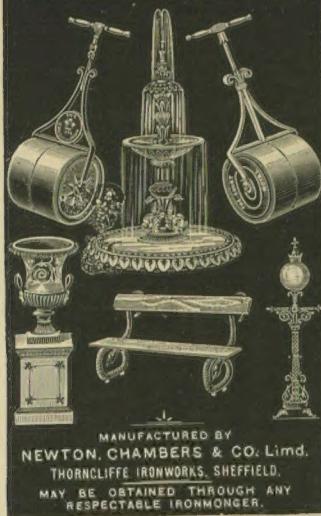
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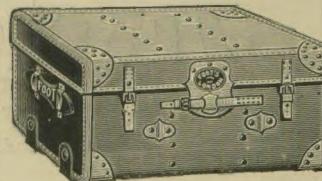


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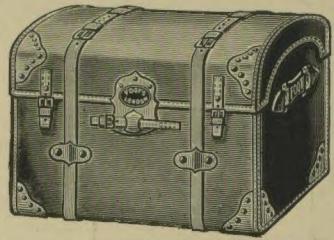


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PRESIDENT—THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE MAGAZINE ART UNION has been established with a view to distribute from the vast store of original works of art which are reproduced in the pages of the Magazines, those which lend themselves to the decoration of the household. The Council of THE MAGAZINE ART UNION directs its efforts to bring those works of art which have served the purpose of reproduction in the pages of Magazines within the possession of those who have now to be satisfied with inferior prints. It offers FIFTY pictures each month for distribution by Ballot among its members. Any person who wishes to constitute himself a member of THE MAGAZINE ART UNION, and who desires to participate in any of the monthly distributions of prizes, must follow the directions printed below.

Secretary—Mr. L. A. GREENWOOD.

DIRECTIONS.

I. The Coupon alone must be cut out on the lines as printed, and placed in an envelope accompanied by One Penny English stamp, uncancelled, or two Halfpenny stamps, undivided.

II. The name and an address, within the United Kingdom, of the person wishing to participate in the drawing must be clearly written in the space provided for that purpose.

III. The envelope containing the Coupon must be addressed to the Offices of THE MAGAZINE ART UNION, and posted so as to reach its destination not later than the first delivery on the morning of August 23, 1897.

IV. If anything is written in, or if any written matter accompany the Coupon, other than the date, the name, and the address within the United Kingdom of the Member, and unless the uncancelled English stamp or stamps enclosed are of the value of One Penny, the Coupon shall be excluded from the Ballot, and the stamp or stamps therein forfeited.

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All Coupons for the

NINETEENTH
BALLOT

must reach the office by the

FIRST POST,

MONDAY, AUGUST 23.

LIST OF PRIZES FOR THE NINETEENTH DISTRIBUTION.

NO.	TITLE.	Artist's Name.	Description.	Size.
1	Portrait of the Late Alexander II.	J. Walter Wilson, R.I.	Crayon	9½ by 13
2	The Duke of York Holding a Love	J. Walter Wilson, R.I.	Monochrome	20½ by 13
3	The Queen Sketching at Mariano	"	"	10½ by 11
4	Her Majesty at Grasse	"	"	10½ by 13½
5	The Three Emperors	J. Walter Wilson, R.I.	"	12½ by 15
6	The Sultan of Morocco	"	"	20½ by 15
7	Lord Salisbury's Villa at Beauclerc	"	"	9½ by 13½
8	The Villa Garnier, Bordighera	"	"	10 by 13½
9	Sandringham, 1891	"	"	22½ by 14½
10	Lydia	"	"	17 by 9½
11	The Kremlin, Moscow	W. Simpson	"	10½ by 6
12	Chapel of the Gostinoi Dvor, St. Petersburg	J. Schönberg	"	10½ by 14
13	The Nikolsky Gate of the Kremlin.	W. Simpson	"	6 by 6
14	The First Alarm	A. F. Lydon	"	15 by 13
15	A Royal Palace Station	J. Schönberg	"	12 by 10
16	Morning Visit	A. Forestier	"	10 by 11½
17	"Look Out!"	Alfred J. Johnson	"	7½ by 9½
18	Portrait of Mr. Gladstone	A. Forestier	"	12 by 9
19	The Finishing Touch	W. Rainey	"	13 by 17
20	Springtime	F. de Vega	"	19 by 11
21	The Briton Abroad	W. H. C. Groome	"	13 by 15½
22	So Busy!	"	"	12 by 9½
23	A Crystal Fountain	M. Walker	"	12½ by 23½
24	From the Old Home to the New	W. Rainey	"	19 by 12½
25	"Trimmers"	W. Rainey	"	9 by 12½
26	A Quiet Stroll on the First	Monro Smith	"	9½ by 13
27	Great Bustards	A. Forestier	"	14 by 10½
28	Land of the Midnight Sun	John Sturgess	"	12 by 8
29	Mr. Mc Almon's "Isinglass"	"	"	11 by 8½
30	News from the South	W. Rainey	"	11 by 10
31	Two Thieves Will Be Prosecuted	L. Lindell	Pen and Ink	18 by 12½
32	"What's O'Clock?"	W. Rainey	"	9 by 17½
33	Bing Tiling	"	"	20½ by 12½
34	The Old Style and the New	Louis Gunnis	"	11 by 15½
35	Tenantless	W. H. C. Groome	"	16 by 10½
36	"Little Sunshine"	A. Quinton	"	12 by 14
37	"Sweet Seventeen"	Florence Gravier	"	24 by 17
38	Play	Alfred J. Johnson	"	9 by 13
39	Wineless	"	"	14 by 10½
40	Church Parade in Georgetown	A. Forestier	"	12 by 10
41	Only a Penny	W. Rainey	"	10 by 13
42	A Ship Canal	P. de Vega	"	10½ by 11
43	A Sly Fox	George Holler	"	12 by 10½
44	The Pride of the Show	N. A. Lorraine	"	10½ by 12½
45	Cossacks	J. Schönberg	"	10½ by 13
46	Common Objects on the Seashore	A. Hunt	"	10½ by 13
47	"No Luck!"	A. Forestier	"	12 by 17
48	The Light of Other Days	W. Rainey	"	11½ by 14
49	Dragoon Charging	W. H. C. Groome	"	12½ by 16
50	"	G. Seymour	"	12½ by 19½

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I agree that the copyright in any prize won by me shall belong to the donor thereof, and I request that such prize be forwarded at my risk and cost in such manner as the Council may determine.

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